

# THE LIVING AGE.

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RECONSTRUCTION OF THE UNION.—Extract of a letter from the Rev. Thomas W. Humes, of Knoxville, Tenn :—

"You can scarcely be more gratified to hear from me than I am to renew my acquaintance with you through the *Age*. Among all the deprivations of the last (nearly) three years, that of your journal has not, I assure you, been of the minor class. As, however, I had a complete set of it from the beginning, I turned to the bound volumes, and gave them quite a thorough reading. Indeed, those same volumes proved a real solace and refreshment intellectually to the family, in the midst of the protracted literary dearth that we have suffered. We therefore hail the return of your familiar face, as a journalist, with sincere pleasure, as we welcome the spring-time after the long and severe winter, and wish you long life and an uninterrupted career of usefulness.

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## THE ARTIST'S ANGEL.

THERE is a little angel face  
That haunts my lonely room  
With presage of a coming grace,  
A rosebud half a-bloom ;—

For sometimes she would take my brush  
And paint a golden cloud :  
And with her fingers raised, say " Hush !  
You must not speak aloud :

" For it is there the spirits sleep  
That early go to rest,  
And cease betimes to toil and weep  
In the quiet of the west."

Sometimes her touch, as in a trance,  
Would wake the silent keys  
Into a wild, weird utterance,  
Like a dirge borne on the breeze.

And she said (but her voice was soft and low,  
And her eyes with tears were blind),  
" It is the wail of those who go,  
And those they leave behind."

Anon the melody would soar  
On a triumphant wing,  
That the faint spirit upward bore,  
Like a joyous welcoming.

And she said, "'Tis thus the angels greet  
Those who their race have run,  
And manfully with willing feet  
Unto the mark pressed on."

Ah ! angel face, so calmly laid  
Upon thy cloud of gold,  
Thine are the light and warmth ; the shade  
Is mine, and mine the cold.

Ah ! angel voice, whose faintest sigh  
A sweet, sad memory makes,  
I listen ! listen ! but no cry  
The awful silence breaks.

Ah ! angel voice, flattering my ear  
With grand, triumphal tone,  
There is another voice too near,  
Which whispers ever, " Alone."  
WILLIAM PARKINSON.  
—*Victoria Magazine.*

## SONNET.

WHEN late a rancorous arrow from the bow  
Shot swiftly by me, tipped with shrewdest  
smart,  
Telling, as it glanced past me, that my foe  
Would fain have seen it buried in my heart,—  
I said, " Men look to foes for deeds like this."  
But when *thy* slanderous arrow, winged with  
spleen,  
Shot forth from lips that late did sweetly kiss,  
It sharply pierced my harness-joints between,  
And slew sweet love. Oh, cruel shaft, that flew  
From thy most traitorous bow ! Oh, cursèd  
arrow  
That, rankling in me, sends me forth to rue !  
The whole world's widest breadth is all too  
narrow  
'Twixt thee and me ; for thy dead arrow's sweep  
I know not ; but its festering wound is deep.  
—*Victoria Magazine.*

## SONNETS ON PRAYER.

BY TRENCH.

## I.

LORD, what a change within us one short  
hour  
Spent in thy presence can avail to make !  
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take !  
What parchèd grounds refresh as with a shower !  
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;  
We rise, and all the distant and the near  
Stands forth in sunny outline brave and clear.  
We kneel, how weak ! we rise, how full of  
power !  
Why therefore should we do ourselves this  
wrong,  
Or others that we are not always strong—  
That we are ever, ever borne with care—  
That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
Anxious or troubled when with us is prayer,  
And joy and strength and courage are with  
Thee !

## II.

When hearts are full of yearning tenderness,  
For the loved absent whom we cannot reach  
By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,  
The spirit's true affection to express ;  
When hearts are full of innermost distress,  
And we are doomed inactive by  
Watching the soul's or body's agony,  
Which human efforts help not to make less ;  
When like a cup capacious to contain,  
The overflowings of the heart is prayer.  
The longing of the soul is satisfied—  
The keenest darts of anguish blunted are ;  
And though we cannot cease to yearn and grieve,  
Yet here we learn in patience to abide.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
HAS ENGLAND AN INTEREST IN THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN UNION?

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

THE struggle which is going on in America, whatever may be the rights of the question and the merits of the parties, is so important in a moral, political, and social point of view—the issues which it involves are so vital to the grandest interests of humanity—that we should not show greatness of mind by choosing our side in it on merely diplomatic grounds. This, however, we have done at least to some extent. The chairman of a meeting of the Southern Independence Association said, the other day, that one of the great objects of the association was the “disruption of the Union,” and that this object was sought not only in the interest of the American continent (to which it was assumed a “balance of power” would be a great blessing), but “in the interest of our own dear country.” This supposed interest of our own dear country has, it may safely be said, been at the bottom of a good deal of our professedly disinterested admiration of the Confederates and condemnation of the Federals; and it alone gives any meaning to the epithets of *un-English* and *unpatriotic* which are constantly applied to those who, on grounds connected with the general interests of humanity, have taken the side of the north. It is assumed that the restoration of the Union, with a prospect of unlimited extension, must produce a military power formidable to the security of all other nations; and that it is therefore essential to us, as the possessors of Canada and the West Indies, and as being liable to be brought into collision with the Americans by those possessions, that the Union should be broken up into a number of independent and (as far as may be) hostile States. This, we say, is assumed, and upon the strength of the assumption we have said and done things which might make the Americans our enemies, even if they had no natural tendency to be so. We have, moreover, placed ourselves in an attitude of fear, which rather provokes the other party, if he has anything of a disposition to bluster in his character, to place himself in an attitude of attack. We have also been on the point of being drawn into very sinister and unnatural alliances against a people who, after all, are our kinsmen, and whose increasing and ex-

panding myriads are destined to spread our language, our intellectual empire, and the essential parts of our political institutions over a continent to which the mother-country is but a speck. It is worth while at least to examine carefully the grounds of this assumption, and to see that it accords with the reason of the case and with the experience of history.

Now, of course it cannot be denied that in an immense nation, one in blood and united in interest, in full physical vigor, abounding in wealth, and commanding the resources of a vast territory, great military power must reside. We have the proof of this before our eyes, and probably shall experience it in a still more practical way if we give ourselves over to the guidance of the Southern Independence Association. But the mere existence of such power, in a dormant state, is no source of danger to the world, unless there are causes to call it into action and to incite the people possessing it to war. The great bulk of some graminivorous animals, though accompanied by great muscular strength, and great ferocity when they are provoked, does not make us look upon them, or guard against them, as beasts of prey.

In the hunter and nomad state man is generally a warrior; but in the settled and civilized state he is a warrior only under certain conditions. A conquering race, ruling over serfs, by whose labor they are supported, and having no intellectual occupation, preserve their love of war as well as of the chase,—if they are heathens, till their physical energy is overcome by sensuality,—if they become Christians, till moral influences subdue the animal passions, and dispose the barbarian to a gentler way of life. This was the case with the Persian and Assyrian hordes, with the Moguls and the Turks. A nation of slaveholders, such as the Spartans, without intellectual tastes and despising labor as the lot of the slave, is nearly the same thing in this respect as a conquering horde. At Athens the mind of the dominant race was diverted from war by intellectual tastes, with which, nevertheless, the slave-owner's warlike propensity struggled hard for the predominance. In the feudal ages, the noble—unlettered, without political interests, and supported in proud idleness by the labor of his serfs—was compelled to give vent in war to all the superfluous energy of which he could not re-

lieve himself in the chase : and this he continued to do till Christianity had softened his character. His settled ownership of land, however, like the settled habitations of the Spartan and Athenian, tethered him as it were, and rendered the range of his conquests very narrow as compared with those of nomad hordes, except in the peculiar case of the Crusades, when religious enthusiasm bore him away to a more distant scene of combat. In certain cases the military character of a settled and civilized nation has been kept up, or rather, perhaps, a nation has been prevented from becoming really settled and civilized by exceptional circumstances. The border wars with England made the Scotch a military nation down to the union of the crowns. The religious disturbances and the struggle against Anglican persecution prolonged this state of things, especially among the western peasantry, half a century more. The natural influences of settled homes and peaceful industry then began to make themselves fully felt ; and in 1745, so entirely had the warlike spirit of the followers of Douglas and Leslie departed from its ancient seat, that the whole of the Lowlands, after an abortive attempt to raise a volunteer force,—the warriors of which slunk away at the first approach of the enemy,—fell flat before a few clans of despised savages from the Highlands, and was rescued, after a time, only by the assistance of regular troops from England.

If a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry, undertakes foreign wars, it must be with a standing army. Without a standing army no power of modern Europe has ever entered into a foreign war ; while the existence of great standing armies, ready to the hand of an ambitious sovereign and wanting employment, has, in itself, been the direct cause of many—perhaps of most—wars of modern times. The large and highly-trained standing army bequeathed by Frederic William of Prussia to Frederic the Great, offering an instrument for the youthful ambition of the heir, was the direct cause of a great series of wars. Of the standing army possessed by the French monarchy, and which had its origin in the struggle against the English invaders of France, the same thing may be said with still greater force ; and there can be no doubt that the existence of this army, without employment and full of exciting traditions of foreign conquest, is

still the great danger of Europe,—a danger partly averted from us by Algerian wars and Mexican expeditions, but against which all the statesmen of Europe ought to make it their special duty to guard. The Romans, in like manner, when they passed from little summer wars round Rome to foreign conquest,—even the conquest of Etruria,—were compelled to resort to the system of paid standing armies, with which their empire was won and held.

Now, the American Republic, while at peace within itself, showed no disposition whatever to keep up a standing army ; and the extension of its territory, down to the outbreak of this civil war, though vast and rapid, made no difference in this respect. The fashion of the old world, by which it is in all things a good deal affected, and the presence of a British army in Canada, prevailed with it so far as to make it maintain a few thousands of regular soldiers, for whom, in truth, there was real employment in the protection of settlers against the Indians. The subsidence of the old revolutionary struggle left the Americans, the commencement of the present revolutionary struggle found them,—in the Free States, at least,—a perfectly unwarlike nation ; so unwarlike that their first attempts in war excited among us a ridicule which is strangely at variance with our half-disguised fears. The fact is, the conditions under which a nation will consent to sacrifice an enormous proportion of the fruits of its industry, and to imperil, or rather to forfeit (as all the great military nations of Europe have forfeited), its political liberties in order to maintain a powerful standing army, have, in their case, been hitherto entirely wanting. They have had no frontiers to defend, no neighboring nations—their rivals and possible enemies—against whose hostilities or intrigues it was necessary to guard. England is “a nation without frontiers,” being surrounded by the sea ; and, therefore, she has kept up a much smaller standing army in proportion to her size (especially when we reckon the dependencies) than other European nations, and has, partly in consequence of this, preserved her political liberties better than the rest ; but having rival nations close at hand, and being entangled in their quarrels, she has been obliged to keep up a standing army to a certain amount.



By breaking up the Union and dividing Central America into rival and hostile nations, we should, in all probability, generate the very conditions under which alone (judging from the precedents of history) a settled and civilized nation, devoted to peaceful industry and the acquisition of wealth, is likely to become a military power dangerous to its neighbors. We shall force each section of the hitherto united, and therefore peaceful, continent to keep up a standing army, which, like the military powers of Europe, they will be always prone to employ. At present, even a struggle for the existence of the nation, with difficulty, as we see, draws the people from their farms and stores.

In the absence of such occasion for a standing army as we are trying to give them, there is little fear lest the Americans should maintain one out of mere military vanity and in pure waste. There is little fear of this, at least, so long as they retain their present republican constitution, which, again, a certain class among us are very anxious, in the political interest of this country, to see overthrown. To be made to keep up a great standing army in pure waste, or for purposes of senseless ambition, a nation must be under the dominion of a king or an oligarchy empowered to take the money of the tax-payers without their consent,—such as the kings who ruined France in playing their game of war, or the oligarchy which, reigning in England through the rotten boroughs, dragged us, for its own interests, into the struggle against the French Revolution. The Prussian Chamber would reduce its standing army, were it not prevented by the king and the nobility who support him. The Provisional Government of France showed, during its short tenure, a disposition to reduce military expenditure, which would alone have been enough to entitle it to our sympathy and regret. The representatives of the great towns—that is of the democratic element in our Parliament—incline the same way. Switzerland is almost without a standing army, though, being encircled by military powers of an aggressive disposition, she is obliged to keep up a highly-trained militia. The republics of antiquity, to which allusion is often made as examples of republican aggressiveness, were not, like the American commonwealth, industrial communities with universal suffrage,

but dominant races spurning peaceful industry and supported by slaves. Rome, indeed, even as regarded the dominant race, was no more a republic than Venice; she was an aristocracy conquering the world with a standing army raised by conscription. A really republican government, in truth, is almost devoid of the motives for keeping up a large army, as well as of the power to do it. It has no dynastic objects to promote. If it conquers, it will not, like the Roman aristocracy, engross the plunder. It rests on the convictions and the free allegiance of the people, and has no need, like the European despots, of military force to prolong the existence of the obsolete and noxious form of government by a person among nations ripe for rational allegiance to the law.

The saying that the Americans are “fighting for empire” on the present occasion, is one of those careless misrepresentations which become mischievous when uttered by statesmen. They are fighting only, as any people not reduced by luxury or shop-keeping to the condition of sheep, would struggle, for the preservation of their unity as a nation. Whatever desire of territorial aggrandizement may reside in them will find ample vent in the illimitable West, and all the restless enterprise of the more unsettled members of the community, who might otherwise wish to follow the drum, will naturally expend itself in the same direction. It will do so, at least, unless an independent nation is interposed between the populous States of the East and the waste lands of the West; for then the vent might be stopped, and the explosive force (if any) would burst forth in some other direction. On the other hand, a slave power, judging from the historical precedents at which we have glanced, is likely to be warlike. The South, if made independent, would commence its career as a nation with a great number of disbanded soldiers,—men, before they were drawn into the army, of loose habits, admirably trained to war, and trained to nothing else. The visions of a vast slave empire in the West cherished by these men are at an end. Thus much at least the Federals have gained for themselves and for humanity in the war. Mexico appears also to be cut off. Cuba, long coveted, and the West Indies with their negro inhabitants remain.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MAIDEN MEDITATIONS NOT FANCY-FREE.

The first thing Kate did on reaching her own room, when she returned from her expedition to Sillmouth, was to place the packet, which had been intrusted to her, in her desk, which she always kept locked. The envelope was not very much larger, though somewhat thicker and more bulky, than an ordinary letter. The next thing was to draw the bolt of her own door, and sit down to meditate on the strange adventure of the morning, and on the facts which it had brought to her knowledge.

She had truly said that she was ignorant of the circumstances which had led to her cousin's quitting Silvertown. But she had a vague knowledge that they were of a calamitous and disgraceful kind. And the shocking things that he had said respecting the feelings with which tidings of his return would be received by his family seemed to confirm but too clearly the worst surmises she could form on the subject.

Then came the sudden thought, was it possible that the stranger was not in reality her Cousin Julian after all,—that the latter had really died, as had seemed so certain, in America, and that the man she had spoken with had, for some motive of fraud, wished to personate him?

But a few moments' reflection led her to reject any such hypothesis. The manner and mode of speech, which proved that he certainly did not belong to the class of life in which she had found him; the correct knowledge he had possessed of persons and things connected with the family, and his evident fear of being recognized as the man he professed to be, all contributed to confirm Kate in the conviction that it was assuredly her Cousin Julian with whom she had spoken. The letter, too, with which he had intrusted her, would doubtless contain evidence of his identity.

But while the considerations which led her to this conclusion were passing through her mind, the thought of the motives that might induce any one to attempt such an impersonation was also naturally presented to her; and this led her all of a sudden, as she sat meditating somewhat desultorily on all the strange facts and occurrences of the morning, to the recognition of the bearing that Julian's life must have upon the position in the world

of herself and her sister. It was curious that this had not struck her while she had stood by the bedside of her cousin. It was not that his death would put matters back again in *statu quo*; for she had refused to admit to herself that his death was certain. But not even when the wounded man had spoken words calculated to place the matter before her mind, had she sufficiently put away from its front place in her thoughts the immediate misery of the sufferer before her, for her to be able to seize that aspect of the circumstances.

Now the truth flashed upon her, as a precipice suddenly reveals itself to a man wandering about among thick brushwood on its summit. It seems wonderful that his eye should not have caught sight of it before. All of a sudden, one step among the bushes brings him face to face with it.

Suddenly, as she sat thinking over all that had happened that morning, the truth flashed upon her that she was no longer heiress to any portion of her father's estates! It was a tremendous shock. Kate Lindisfarn was as far as possible from being a worldly-minded or mammon-worshipping girl. She had indeed had so little experience in her life of the difference between poverty and wealth, that it was hardly a matter of merit in her to be free from an overweening regard for the latter. Nevertheless, the fact that suddenly reared itself up naked and clearly defined in the path of her mind was a terrible one, and gave her a violent shock.

Then in the next instant rushed into her mind also a whole troop of thoughts, which changed the sudden pallor caused in her cheeks by the first dismay to a hot, painful flush.

Ellingham!—It would have been a vain hypocrisy for Kate to pretend to her own heart to doubt that Captain Ellingham loved her. He had never told her so. Quite true! And till he should do so, it was for her to seem unconscious of the fact. But it was useless to play this proper little comedy before her own heart. She knew that Ellingham loved her. And some girls, perhaps, would have rejoiced that now "the cross that made a barrier between them was removed," etc., etc., etc. But Kate was not sufficiently romantic to view the matter in that light. She had not the slightest suspicion that Captain Ellingham had loved her, and would in due course of time ask her to

be his wife, for the sake of her fortune. But she was perfectly well aware that he was a very poor man, in a position in which poverty is especially undesirable; she understood perfectly well that it might be right and prudent for him to marry under favorable circumstances as regarded fortune, when it might be impossible, or at least highly imprudent, to do so otherwise. Above all, she felt that in any case, whatever her sentiments and opinions might be on such a point, if she were called on to consider it, it was not for her to reflect on it under the present circumstances. It was for the consideration of another person; and what mainly imported to Kate was that it should be placed before him for consideration. It was dreadful to her to think that as matters stood at the present moment she should appear to him in a position and under circumstances that were not her own. She was winning his heart—she knew, at the bottom of her own, that she had already won it—under false colors and false pretences. She felt as if she were an impostor; and the thought, as it passed through her mind, made her cheek tingle. It was shocking to her to think that she had during all this time been appearing to the world as the heiress to a handsome fortune, whereas she was in fact nothing of the kind. And it was far more terrible to think that she must continue to do so knowingly until she should be liberated from her promise, and set free to tell the truth by her cousin's departure from Sillshire—or by— It was revolting to her to contemplate release from her position in that other direction. Release from the odious necessity of secrecy would be afforded by her cousin's death. But as regarded her own position and expectations,—what was that which Julian had said about his death causing no difference to her and which now recurred to her mind in a different train of ideas from any with which she had connected it when she had first heard it? What was the meaning of those words? But this was not what was pressing on her for immediate consideration. Her mind revolted from contemplating Julian's death as certain, and from calculating on the consequences that might result from it. She was very far from imagining or attempting to persuade herself, that a fall from the position of one of the Lindisfarn heiresses to that of an almost undowered girl was a trifling matter, or other than a very

serious misfortune and calamity. But it was most true that as she sat in the chair before her little drawing-table, absorbed in these meditations, the idea of continuing to represent herself, or suffering herself to be represented, to her lover as what she was not—for she did not attempt to disguise from herself that she knew him to be such—was infinitely more terrible. This was the matter that pressed for instant solution. What was she to do? What line of conduct to pursue? Oh that she had not bound herself to secrecy! And yet the truth of Julian's declaration that trouble and distress would be caused to everybody whose well-being she was bound most to care for, by a discovery of his presence, was evident. What was she to do? Oh that Lady Farnleigh had not been so unfortunately called away! Had she been in Sillshire, Kate would doubtless have stipulated that she should have been made a sharer in the secret. She might have been safely trusted. She would have known how to release her goddaughter from her false position as regarded the only person whose continuance in error respecting her real prospects for a day or two more or less much signified to her.

Then her mind reverted to the conversation at the breakfast-table on the yesterday morning, and passed in review all those passages of it which have been described as having been put by in the hiding-places of her memory for future use;—but not for use under such circumstances as the present!—and the tears gathered slowly in her eyes as she thought of the pleasure they had given her,—of the upright, loyal heart of that brave man, who, as Kate's own heart with instinctive sympathy told her, could not have "loved her so much, loved he not honor more,"—of the hard, dangerous, and thankless nature of that "duty" to which he was so loyally true, and of the fond, sweet thought that she, even she, was to be the reward which fate had in store for him, and the means of placing him above the necessity of so ungrateful a task!

The hot tears rose and gathered and brimmed over on the peachlike cheek, the rounded swell of which no sorrow had ever yet mined. The sensation of them on her face recalled her mind from its truant wandering to the needs of the present. She dashed away the tears with an angry action of her hand.

"What a fool I am," she said aloud, "to let myself think of things that might have been, when there is so much need of thinking of things as they are!"

Something must absolutely be done!—something;—but what? It was absolute torture to her to think of herself as receiving the homage and the wooing—there was no use or honesty in mincing the phrase; it was wooing that Captain Ellingham had been offering to her; and she dared not deny to her own heart that she knew it was so—of Captain Ellingham, when he was led to suppose that she was an heiress of large fortune, and she was in possession of the truth that nothing of the sort was the case. It was torture—intolerable torture to her. But what could she do?

Could she write to Lady Farnleigh?—not to betray her cousin's secret in defiance of her solemn promise; that was impossible,—but some sort of letter, couched in mysterious terms, which should induce her to intimate to Captain Ellingham that he had better not think of proposing to her (Kate); for that she was not what she seemed to be! And she really took pen in hand to essay the composition of such a letter; and after two or three trials, gave up the attempt in despair. How was it possible for her to request that Captain Ellingham should be warned that he had better not offer to her, before he had ever uttered a word of the kind? How was she to inform her godmother of the fact that she was not her father's heir in any manner that should appear sane, and should not at once bring upon her such an inquiry and examination as would make the keeping of her secret impossible?

Had her godmother been there present, it might have been possible—it seemed to Kate—so to speak to her as to obtain her assistance, without divulging the secret she was bound to keep. But it was impossible to do this by letter.

And then she had—and had had ever since the *tête-à-tête* of the breakfast-table—a lurking consciousness that this offer from Captain Ellingham, which she would now give worlds to stave off, was not very far away. It was a lurking, vague, unavowed consciousness, which would never have shaped itself into definite form before her mind, but would only have flung a rose-colored light of unquestioned happiness over her life, like the golden glory

thrown far and wide over the landscape by the lambent summer lightning, had it not been condensed into fear by the new circumstances of her life. But now, should the offer come,—it was agony to think of it!—what should she do? What she must do was clear, so far. She must refuse—but without assigning any reason—any motive! It was very cruel—very dreadful—and after all that had come and gone! And thereupon a crowd of little minute consciousnesses came flocking into her mind,—memories of looks and glances, emphasized words charged with an amount of meaning accurately gauged and weighed by the self-registering and miraculously delicate crosometer of a young girl's fresh heart, pressings of the hand so slight and shy that they did their work rather by electric than by dynamic force, yet did it surely, and left marks on the memory never more to be cancelled,—all these stored treasures, each labelled with its date as accurately as Miss Immy marked her eggs, came thronging into her mind from their separate memory cells. They had so often been summoned forth in Kate's hours of reverie and self-communion, that it was natural for them to come as usual now. But now they were not wanted. They might go back—poor faded treasures!—to their hiding-places; treasures ever, and not to be destroyed, save with consciousness itself; but no more, never more to be reviewed on memory's gay and gala days,—relics only, sacred though sad, to be brought forth in seasons of the heart's fast-days and humiliations.

And again, as she forcibly thrust back these remembrances into the deepest recesses of her mind, the tears overflowed upon her cheeks; and again she angrily shook them from her, and accused them of interfering with the active measures it behooved her to take. Yet, what active measures? Again, what—what was she to do?

And Margaret too? Yes! How was that to be done? There was Margaret to be talked to. How glad Kate was that she had stipulated that her sister should be told; she had done so at the moment merely from the feeling that she liked to have no secrets from her sister, and from the desire to have some one to help her in sustaining the weight of it. The necessity that Margaret also should be made aware of what her true position was, with a view to properly regulating her conduct

toward others had not then occurred to her. But now it was but too clear to her, when she turned her mind to that part of the sea of perplexities which surrounded her, that Margaret was in the same difficulty with regard to Falconer that she was in regard to Ellingham. Kate had seen, with no reason or inclination to regret or object to it, that Falconer had been very evidently paying assiduous court to her sister, and that Margaret had been very abundantly willing to accept as much of his homage as he chose to bring to her shrine. Kate could not doubt that Frederick Falconer purposed making Margaret his wife. In his case, it is true, there could not be the same difficulty in marrying an undowered wife as in the case of Ellingham. Frederick Falconer would be abundantly rich enough to marry a girl without a fortune, if he chose to do so. But, somehow or other, though she had never put into tangible form any ideas in her mind upon the subject, she felt as if she had had a revelation on the point, that Freddy Falconer would not so choose. She felt far more certain of it in his case than she did in that other, which she would not permit herself to scrutinize more narrowly. And she did not feel any necessity for laying heavy blame on Frederick on that account. Doubtless his father would wish him to increase his wealth by marriage. But the conviction that it would not suit Mr. Frederick Falconer to marry a girl without a penny, that he would never have sought her sister's love, had he supposed her to have been such, and that he would consider himself to have been cruelly deluded,—or at all events, a most unfortunate victim of error,—if he were to propose to her under such circumstances,—all these considerations made her feel very acutely the absolute necessity of in some way preventing him as well as Ellingham from proceeding in the path in which both of them were so evidently advancing under erroneous impressions.

Frederick had been up at the Chase that day, as Kate knew. She and Mr. Mat had met him riding down the hill near the ivy bridge over the Lindisfarn Brook, as they were returning from Sillmouth. God grant that nothing decisive had passed between him and Margaret that day! Kate thought that nothing could have happened, or Margaret would doubtless have rushed into her room in-

stantly on her return to tell her of it. But then Kate had only known her sister for a few months. And it may be that her security based on this presumption was not founded on a rock.

Kate looked at her watch, and saw that her sad and painful musings had lasted more than two hours. It was time to dress for dinner; and Margaret would doubtless be coming up-stairs in a minute, if she were not already in her room. But there was no time now for the conversation that must take place between them, and which would necessarily be a lengthy one. It was best to defer it till they should again be alone together before going to bed. It was painful to Kate to have to sit with her sister through the evening with the consciousness of the blow it would be her duty to inflict on Margaret, all unconscious the while of the evil coming upon her. She had a sort of unreasoned and unavowed, but none the less irresistible, conviction, moreover, that the news of the change in her position would be a more dreadful and stunning blow to Margaret than it had been to herself; and the necessity of inflicting this blow was not the least part of the more instant and immediate cares and sorrows that were pressing upon her.

She set about the work of dressing with that languid distaste for the exertion which petty cares of the kind are apt to produce in those who are suffering from the pressure of serious troubles. Margaret came into her room before she was quite ready to go down, charmingly dressed as usual,—for she had become quite reconciled to the pleasing toil of making habitually an evening toilet,—and evidently in high spirits. Kate was sure that her interview with Fred Falconer had been a pleasant one, at all events; for when by chance there were any thorns among Margaret's roses, however few or small they might be, she was apt to give unmistakable evidence of having suffered from them for some time afterward.

"What! not ready, Kate? And you are always lecturing me for being behindhand! Why, it is two hours or more since you came home. What have you been about? And you seem to be all in the dumps too."

"My morning's work at Sillmouth was not a pleasant one, you know," said Kate, blushing with a sensation quite new to her, as she



consciousness of playing the hypocrite with her sister, though only for a few hours, passed over her mind.

"And I am sure I don't see why you should meddle with such disagreeable people. I own, for my part, I do not think it a proper sort of thing at all. And it only shows what poor dear Madame de Renneville always used to say,—that one never can step, were it only a hair's breadth, out of one's own proper sphere, without being punished for the indiscretion in some way or other."

"But perhaps it is not always quite easy to know what is one's proper sphere, and what are the limits of it," said Kate, with a sigh, as she once again put a wet towel to her eyes, before going down-stairs. "Come, dear, I am ready now," she added. "Let us go down. I must tell you all about my morning's adventure before we go to bed to-night."

And then, for the first time in her life, Kate had to pass the evening in the family circle with the heavy sense of a secret to be kept from all those dear and familiar friends, who had no secrets from her, with whose hearts she had ever had all in common. And the weight was very grievous to her.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### SILLISHIRE *versus* PARIS.

At last the long evening wore itself to its close; and the two Lindisfarn lasses went up to their adjoining rooms together.

"Now, then, Margaret," said Kate, as they reached the top of the stairs together; "I must tell you all about my ride to Sillmouth this morning; I should have told you before, dear sissy, if there had been any opportunity."

"Why! is there anything to tell that signifies?" returned Margaret, opening her great handsome eyes in astonishment.

"Yes, there is a good deal to tell," said Kate, with a sigh; "come into my room with me, darling, or let me come into yours; for we must have a long talk together."

"Not very long, I hope, for I am very sleepy," said Margaret, yawning; "but how strange you look, Kate! What is it? Is anything the matter?"

"You need not come up till we ring, Simmons," said Kate, as Margaret followed her into her room.

"You can go into my room, Simmons, and

put my things into my drawers the while; for they are all over the room. I could not find the dress I wanted for dinner."

Simmons went as directed to repair the disorder in her wardrobe made by Miss Margaret, who was, as that experienced lady's-maid declared, a regular untidy one; and Kate, before sitting down in the same chair in front of her little drawing-table, which she had sat in during her two hours of meditation before dinner; shut the door of communication between the two rooms; while Margaret, much wondering what was coming, and fearing a preachment on sundry small matters of which she was conscious, and which she surmised might not be altogether to her sister's liking, installed herself in the large chair that stood before Kate's toilet-table.

"Miss Immy has been telling tales, I suppose!" thought she to herself. "Who could have guessed that the old thing was spying all the time that she seemed fast asleep?"

"You know that Winny begged me to go over to her at Sillmouth to see a poor man who had been wounded in a fray with the coast-guard men, and who was lying in danger of death in her cottage?" began Kate.

"Yes, I know. And I must say that in your place, Kate, I should not have dreamed of doing anything of the sort," said Margaret, thinking it wise, in case Kate meditated a preachment, to be beforehand in occupying the attacking ground.

"I think, dearest, that you would have done so in my place. You cannot feel, you know, towards Winny Pendleton as I do; and therefore you cannot tell how strongly I felt called upon to do as she wished. I assure you, it was a very unpleasant task; though I little thought, when I started on the errand, what a surprise was awaiting me!"

"What was it?" asked Margaret, while her now thoroughly awakened curiosity expressed itself in her widely opened eyes.

"Do you ever remember to have heard, Margaret, that our uncle, Dr. Lindisfarn, once had a son?" asked Kate.

"No, never. I thought he never had had any children," replied Margaret, with increasing astonishment.

"You might very well never have heard of it; but our uncle had a son, called Julian. I can remember seeing him when a little girl.

He was then a grown-up young man. All of a sudden he left Silverton, and we saw no more of him. He got into trouble of some sort. I believe he did something wrong. I do not know what the story was: but I know there was great grief and sorrow about it. I believe it half broke poor Aunt Sempronia's heart. But there was a great mystery on the subject; and after he went away, nobody ever spoke of him; and it was as if he were dead. After a time, there came news that he was dead, really. He was killed, it was said, by the Red Indians in America. People declared that they saw him killed, and from that time, till now, I have never heard his name mentioned. But, Margaret, darling," continued Kate, taking her sister's hand in hers, and looking earnestly into her face, "the wounded man, whom I was called to see at Sillmouth this morning, was our Cousin Julian!"

"You don't say so!" said Margaret; "how very odd!"

"It was a strange chance, indeed!—the stranger that it *was* a chance," replied Kate; "for nobody knew, and nobody knows now who he is; and he had nothing to do with sending for me. But he happened to hear Winny call me by my name, and then he discovered himself to me."

"And it was all untrue, then, about his being killed in America?" said Margaret.

"It was a mistake. He was nearly killed, but not quite; and he recovered. He did not tell me the particulars of the story."

"And now he is come back to his father! But how did he chance to be wounded with the smugglers?" asked Margaret, whose curiosity, excited by the strangeness of the story, did not seem to be mixed with any other emotion.

"He had joined the smugglers in their venture as a means of coming over here from France secretly; but he was not coming to his father; he does not wish anybody to know that he is here; and from the manner in which he spoke, I fear that much trouble and distress would come of its being discovered that he is in the neighborhood."

"Why did he tell you who he was, then?" asked Margaret.

"Partly, as it seemed to me, as far as I could understand him, because, though he was very anxious that it should not be known that he was in Sillshire, as long as he lived,

he wished that it should be known who he was after his death; and partly, because he felt how needful it is that we should be made aware that he was not killed by the Indians, as was supposed. I made a condition with him, that I should tell you; but I promised, faithfully to tell nobody else, and promised for you, that you would keep the secret also."

"Why is it so needful for us to know that he was not killed? If he does not mean to come back to his father, why could he want any of us to know that he is alive? I do not see any good in our knowing it," said Margaret, raising her eyebrows with a little shrug.

Kate's heart failed her as she answered, "Don't you see, dear Margaret, the difference it makes to you and me? Don't you perceive that if our Cousin Julian is alive, neither you nor I are heirs to our father's property?"

Margaret's habitual paleness became lividness as she said, "Nonsense, Kate! It can't be true! Do you believe that people's fortunes can go backwards and forwards in that way? If that were the case, how could any man know what a girl's fortune was? Besides, the property belongs to our father. Do you suppose that anything can touch our *dot*?"

"Dearest Margaret, I fear it is but too clear that if uncle has a son, the daughters of my father do not inherit the property. The lands of Lindisfarn go to the male heirs of my grandfather."

"And what, then, do we inherit? What is our *dot* to come from?" asked Margaret, while a dreadful spasm was clutching her heart with an icy grip.

"Alas! sister dear, if there is a male heir to the property, we have no inheritance. There is no source from which any dower for us, as it is called in English, can come."

"It is too horrible to be true," said Margaret, looking and feeling as if she must fall from her chair. "I cannot believe it. It is too wicked!"

"But, dearest Margaret, *who* is wicked? Nobody has done anything they ought not to have done. According to the law, Uncle Theophilus having a son comes to the same thing as if papa had a son. That is all. Everybody knows that if we had a brother, we should not be heiresses to the estate."

"It is horribly wicked!" said Margaret, as the tears gathered in her eyes; "the law is abominably wicked,—the law of this vile, barbarous country!"

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret! don't say such shocking words! Think that it is England, Sillshire, our own native land!" remonstrated Kate, who was almost as much scandalized as if her sister had spoken of their own father in similar terms.

"I hate England! It is a vile, horrid country to make such wicked laws; I don't believe it can be true!" said Margaret, now fairly sobbing, and with the inconsistency of passion.

"It is very dreadful to me to hear you speak so, Margaret! But I don't wonder at your feeling it hard. It is hard; very hard, because of the disappointment and the false expectation. But that is not the fault of the law, nor of England."

"It is the fault of this bad and wicked man, who was obliged to go away, and who pretended he was dead, and now comes back to rob us of our father's property."

"It is not his fault that we are not heiresses; nor is it his fault, though it arises out of his fault, that we have been led into error," said clear-headed, direct-minded Kate. "Poor Julian did not, as you say, Margaret, pretend to be dead. If fault there were in the matter, it was in those who believed his death on insufficient grounds."

"You have no feeling, Kate,—no feeling at all," sobbed Margaret, "to talk in such a way! I say it is wicked, horribly wicked that poor girls should be robbed of their own father's fortune in such a way! And I say it is a vile, hateful country, where such things can be done. And I love France a thousand times better, and always did, and always shall,—a thousand, thousand times! a thousand, thousand times, I do! I hate England, and all the people in it!" cried Margaret, in the impotence of her rage. She was suffering pain; and the first impulse of some natures, when they suffer, is to inflict, if it be within their power, pain on others. Margaret did feel just then that she hated England; but the passionate assertion of it was prompted by the bad instinct that would fain avenge on Kate the pain she was suffering.

"Dear sister," said Kate, taking her hand, and looking into her face with the ten-

derest sympathy, "I *do* feel for you! It is very, very hard to bear! You will not speak as you do now, when you have time for reflection."

"Yes, I shall! I shall always speak so! It is right to speak so! It is wicked. And I hate everything that is wicked! And so would you, too, if you were good yourself. Didn't I tell you that no good could come of your going to see smugglers and vulgar people? And now see what has come of it!" said Margaret, in a bitterly reproachful tone.

"Nay, sister dear! what has come of my visit to Sillmouth is not that we are no longer heiresses of the Lindisfarn property, but only that we know the fact that such is the case. And that is evidently an advantage,—and perhaps a very great blessing! Don't you see, Margaret, that it is so?" continued Kate, after a pause, looking earnestly into her sister's face.

"A blessing to know this horrible misfortune? Are you mad, Kate, or are you only mocking me?" said Margaret, casting a passionately reproachful glance at her sister from amid her tears.

"Not mad, dear Margaret. But just think a little what the consequences of not knowing our position with regard to our expectations of fortune might be! It is bad enough,—very, very grievous and distressing, that others should not be equally well aware of it. And I trust that ere long there may be no necessity for further concealment on the subject. But it might be very much worse, if we were ourselves ignorant of the fact. Don't you see this?"

"I don't know what you mean! I only know that I have been robbed and wronged and shamefully, most shamefully treated! Poor Madame de Renneville! How little did she think what fate she was sending me to in England!"

It was difficult for Kate, amid her own distress, and in her anxiety, to lead her sister to contemplate the subject of their disinheritance with reference to the circumstances that had pushed themselves into the foreground in her own mind,—it was difficult for her to listen with equanimity to speculations as to what Madame de Renneville might have thought about the matter. She strove, however, to do so; having, at all costs, to bring Margaret to the consideration of the matter from that point of view which appeared to

her the most urgently to require immediate attention. She felt considerable difficulty in doing this. A tingling blush on her cheek had been simultaneous with the first birth in her own pure, loyal, and uncompromisingly honest mind, of the thought that it behooved her to guard a man, who had never spoken to her of love, from the danger of doing so under a false impression of her position. Maidenly feeling had produced the blush, and had caused the pain which had accompanied it. But it had not blinded her to the straightforward, honest duty of preventing a step which in her heart she knew to be imminent, and which she knew was about to be taken by one under a delusion. She had suffered no sentimental mock-modesty to stand in the way of her being honest and true for herself; and now she had to be equally frank in the case of her sister. But she did not the less feel the difficulty. And Margaret's apparent obtuseness to any idea of the sort made this difficulty greater to her. It seemed as if she must have been over-bold to be struck at once by the possibility of a danger, which did not apparently suggest itself to the more delicately unconscious mind of her sister. Yet it was certain to her that Margaret had fully as much reason to apprehend such a misfortune as she had. She was perfectly well aware that it was quite as likely that Margaret might any day receive an offer from Falconer as she herself from Ellingham. Could it be that Margaret was wholly unconscious of this? Was it necessary for her to open her sister's eyes to the fact as well as suggest to her that the fact constituted, under the circumstances, a danger, which it was her duty to guard against?

"But the worst of the matter, sissy dear," she began, again taking the hand which Margaret in her petulant outburst of temper had snatched from her,—“the worst of the matter, by far, is that this unfortunate change in our positions may—you know, darling—may have an influence on others as well as ourselves.”

Margaret turned her eyes sharply on her sister's face with a look of shrewd and keen observation for an instant before she replied.

"You mean that girls without a *dot* have no chance of marrying creditably! Of course I know that! There was no need of casting that in my teeth. I know what you are thinking of, Kate. You have Lady Farn-

leigh's six thousand pounds to fall back on. It is at least something. I have nothing! There is no need to remind me of it."

"Oh, Margaret, Margaret!" cried Kate, inexpressibly shocked, and in the voice of one who is assailed by a sudden spasm of bodily pain, and the silently rising tears filled her eyes as she looked into her sister's face with a piteous expression of remonstrance against the cruelty of this speech.

"Well, you know, that must make a great difference. It would be affectation to pretend to forget it," rejoined Margaret, feeling some little compunction for the brutality of the words which had given Kate such a sharp pang. "But, at all events," she continued, "we have the advantage of a good appearance for the present. The main point is when girls have no fortune, to keep the fact from being generally known, as far as possible. And in this respect, at least, our position is a favorable one. For it does not seem to enter into the plans of this horrible cousin to make his existence known for the present, at any rate. So that we shall at all events have a respite, and—who knows?"—

Kate gazed at her sister as she thus spoke, and after she had finished, with absolutely speechless astonishment, which sank gradually to a persuasion that there was some misunderstanding between them somehow.

"Don't you understand me?" said Margaret, with petulant impatience, in answer to her sister's look.

"I think, Margaret, we don't understand each other," replied Kate, whose brain felt confused by a whole host of conflicting thoughts and feelings. "I cannot suppose that you could wish that any man should"—here the tingling blush came again into Kate's cheek—"should ask you to be his wife," Kate went on more boldly, her steel-true honesty of purpose coming to her aid, "under the impression that your position as regards fortune and expectations was different from what it really is. You would wish, undoubtedly, to prevent such an error by every possible means in your power. You would wish to save him from the unfair and very embarrassing necessity of declaring himself unable to carry out an intention formed under different circumstances, and yet more to save yourself from the possibility of the horrible suspicion that you sought to incite a pro-

posal by letting it be supposed that you had advantages to offer which you knew that you had not. Think of the horror of such a position, Margaret!" said Kate, as the burning blood flushed afresh all over her neck and face and forehead.

"Indeed, Kate," returned her sister, "I think we do misunderstand each other. We look at all these questions from such different points of view. I confess that to my mind, and with the principles in which I have been brought up, there is a degree of indelicacy in a girl thus setting herself to weigh and estimate the motives that may lead a gentleman to pay his addresses to her. You know, my sister, that the English are considered to be a nation of shopkeepers, and to look at everything with a trading eye. And in what you say I see the truth of the reproach. In France a *demoiselle bien élevée* never meddles with any of these considerations. All such matters are arranged by her parents; and it is surely more proper and more delicate to leave it to them. And I must own that the insular shopkeeping spirit, which shows itself in calculations beforehand as to how much of the love of a *futur* may have been excited by your fortune, and how much by your own *beaux yeux*, is to my feeling revolting."

"I don't think, Margaret," said Kate, after a minute's thoughtful pause, and feeling a little puzzled and much pained, "that I quite follow your ideas. For my own part, I don't so much care whether the spirit in which we have to act in this matter is a shopkeeping spirit or not, so that it be a straightforward, honest one. I had much rather—God knows how much rather!—avoid, as far as one can, speculating on the supposed intentions of this or that man in a question of this sort, and very much more abstain from taking any active step in consequence of such suppositions. The course which a girl should pursue in these matters seems to me a simple one enough. I think she should take care to appear to everybody to be what she really is in all respects, and, until her love is sought for, take no other care. And generally, as regards the external matters of fortune, this is the simplest and easiest thing in the world. But we are placed in an exceptional and very painful position. If we were at liberty to disclose Julian's secret openly, our course would be at least easy and clear. If we had

neither of us"—here the rich blush returned—"any reason to imagine that—that our position as regards fortune was of any interest to anybody in particular, we might be content to allow the error of everybody with respect to us to continue for the short time that Julian's safety—for I suppose his safety is in question—will require the secret to be kept. But if that is not the case, Margaret," Kate continued, looking fixedly and with earnest seriousness into her sister's face; "if we either or both of us have in our inmost hearts reason to suppose that there is any one to whom the question of our heiress-ship to these estates may be a matter of great importance, you will surely agree with me that, whether it be dictated by a shopkeeping spirit or not, what we ought to have most earnestly at heart should be to find some means of preventing that somebody from saying or doing anything which—they might, perhaps, not do, if they were aware of the truth."

"I, for my part, even if I could agree to all you have been saying," replied Margaret, "have not the remotest idea, thank Heaven, that I am a subject of interest to any man who would be mercenary enough to be influenced in his feelings by the amount of fortune I may possess."

"I hope so, with all my heart, dearest; but you see at once, that if that is the case, the knowledge of your want of fortune, when it shall become known, will make no difference; and you will be spared the horror of having received and accepted such a proposal when made under an impression which you knew to be delusive."

"But if the fact of this odious man's existence must not be revealed?" urged Margaret.

"That makes the difficulty and the cruel embarrassment!" returned Kate; "the only thing I can think of, is to try to act in such a manner that nothing may be said—to give no opportunity—to discourage anything that might lead to—to anything of the sort," said the poor girl, twisting her hands together in the extremity of her distress and embarrassment. "One thing is quite clear," she continued, after a pause, and speaking more energetically: "that if unfortunately any proposal were made to either of us before we are at liberty to reveal the truth, it must be met by a rejection."



"On what ground, pray?" asked Margaret, shortly.

"Ah! that makes the misery of it! We can assign no ground. It is horrible in any case not to be able to tell the truth; and worst of all in such a case as that. It would be absolutely necessary to refuse, and absolutely impossible to give the real reason for refusing. And this is what makes it so very, very much to be prayed for that no such question may be raised before we are at liberty to tell the truth to all the world. One thing only is quite beyond doubt; namely, that a rejection could be the only answer. Think what it would be to accept such a proposal, made in the persuasion that it was offered to the heiress of Lindisfarn, and accepted by you with the knowledge that you were no such thing! I think it would kill me on the spot!"

"You have very high-flown sentimental notions, Kate. Do you mean to tell me now, in earnest, that if Captain Ellingham were to offer to you to-morrow morning, you should refuse him?"

"Most unquestionably I should," said Kate, while a cold thrill shot through her heart at the thought of it.

"And without telling him any reason, or at least without telling him your real reason for doing so?" pursued Margaret.

"I should. How could I do otherwise? I should at least know that the time would come, when he would know the real reason—no, I don't mean that;—perhaps he would not ever know that! But at least I should have saved him from forming an engagement under a mistaken notion, and I should have saved myself from the intolerable suspicion that it was possible that I wished him to do so. Of course, Margaret, you would be obliged to do the same?"

"I can't say what I should do! I can't calculate and arrange beforehand, as coldly as you do, Kate, what I should say on such an occasion. The most delicate and proper course, I believe, would be to refer to papa for an answer."

"But not when you know that there are material circumstances of which papa is ignorant," urged Kate.

"Really, Kate, I don't know what I should do! But I own I do not see the necessity of debating what course I ought to pursue if an

offer should be made to me, which never has been made, and which it is not likely ever will be made!"

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Besides, what is the use of all this, if, as you say, this Julian is dying? If he dies, all this trouble and misfortune has passed over."

"But, in the first place, Margaret, I don't like to build hopes upon my poor cousin's death; in the second place, even if he were to die, the mischief that I dread either for you or for myself may arise first; and in the third place, although he said he was dying,—and when I first saw him I thought that certainly he must be, he looked so ghastly,—still before I came away, I began to have hopes that he might recover. He had seen nobody but old Bagstock—he is an old doctor at Sillmouth, who is good for nothing;—but I sent Dr. Blakistry to him, who is a first-rate surgeon, and I do not think it at all unlikely that his life may be saved."

"It would be much better for everybody if he were to die!" said Margaret.

"Oh, Margaret, you must not talk so! It seems like murder to wish that another person may die! Besides, I am not sure,—I don't understand the matter—but he said something about his death not making any difference to us. Perhaps he may have sold or in some way made away with his right to the property."

"Good heavens, Kate! Could he do that?"

"I don't know; I am very ignorant of all such matters; certainly he did say that his death would make no difference; and I understood him to allude to the inheritance of the estates."

"It is very, very dreadful, and I declare"—

"What were you going to say?" asked Kate; for Margaret broke off her sentence in the middle.

"Never mind! I don't know what I was going to say. It's time to go to bed; and I want to think over the shocking news you have given me."

And Margaret, as she spoke, got up from her chair, and taking up her candlestick from Kate's toilet-table, turned to go to her own room.

"When do you think you are likely to hear

the result of the visit of this doctor you have sent to our cousin?" she asked, as she was leaving the room.

"I hoped I might have heard to-night. To-morrow morning no doubt I shall get a message," replied Kate.

"Of course you will tell me directly."

"Of course. But oh, Margaret dear, do not let your heart wish for the death of this unfortunate man!"

"It seems to me that we are the unfortunates, rather! Good-night. We shall probably know something in the morning."

"Good-night, dear! And oh, Margaret, do think over the absolute necessity of avoiding any proposal, while all remains in doubt and we are bound to secrecy, and of refusing it, if unfortunately it should come!"

"Yes! I will think of it. Good-night!"

And so the sisters parted for the night; and no doubt Margaret *did* meditate long and deeply, while probably some not unpardonable tears wetted her pillow, on the important tidings that had been communicated to her. But it may be surmised that her night thoughts did not tend exactly in the direction Kate would have wished. Indeed, certain glimpses into the interior of Margaret's heart and mind, which had been afforded to Kate by some passages of the above conversation, had been the second painful shock her mind had undergone that day. She felt that there were many points, and indeed whole ranges of subjects, on which there was neither sympathy nor possibility of agreement between them. But she was still unaware of the wide divergence of feeling and opinion, and of the amount of difference in the course of action which this might lead to, in the important circumstances now before them.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### 'THE LINDISFARN STONE.'

'As Kate was going across the hall into the breakfast-room, with more of heavy care on her brow and trouble in her heart than she had ever known a short day or two ago, the following note from Sillmouth, which had been brought up by a messenger early that morning, was put into her hand.

It was from Dr. Blakistry, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR MISS LINDISFARN,—

"Mrs. Pendleton—your old nurse, as she tells me, and a very decent sort of woman,

though a smuggler's wife—has requested that before leaving her house I would write to you my report of the patient I have just been visiting. I am happy to tell you—though I trust, my dear young lady (and you will forgive an old man for saying so much) I trust and suppose, that you have no interest in him beyond that of simple humanity—that he is likely to do well, and recover. He fancied that he was dying,—the result of great loss of blood and consequent weakness and depression, and of the shock to the nervous system. With due care, and a common amount of prudence, he will, I doubt not, be back again in *La belle France* in a month's time, and will, I hope, stay there; for though I saw enough to make it evident to me, that he does not belong to the same class of life as the men with whom he has been associating, I did not see anything to lead me to think the gentleman an acquisition to Sillshire.

"Believe me, my dear Miss Lindisfarn,

"Very faithfully yours,

"JAMES BLAKISTRY."

Kate hurried up-stairs again to show the note to Margaret, who had not yet left her room.

"So that chance is gone!" said Margaret, in much depression of spirits, and looking as if she had passed a sleepless night.

"Oh, Margaret, we ought to be thankful that the temptation to wish for this poor cousin's death has been removed from us."

"You see what the doctor says. He does not seem to have been prepossessed in his favor, by any means."

"But, Margaret, another part of the note is most important to us. Do you observe Dr. Blakistry says that he may get well enough to return to France in a month? It will be a whole month, therefore, before we are at liberty to tell the fact which will make our own position known to everybody. This is very, very hard. It is dreadful!"

"Yes! it will be a month," said Margaret, with a thoughtful rather than with a distressed expression of face; "before we are at liberty to make it known that we are portionless! A month is a long time."

"Dreadful! It makes me almost desperate to think of it! How will it be possible to avoid"—

"To avoid what?" said Margaret, pettishly.

"What I was talking to you of last night, you know, dear!" said Kate; while a misgiving as to her sister's feelings and ideas

upon the subject, almost as painful to her as any of the many painful phases of the situation, came across her mind.

"Do you know, Katey dear," returned Margaret, "it seems to me that we must each of us manage our matters in the miserably unfortunate circumstances which have fallen upon us, according to her own light; on one thing you may rely,—and it seems to me that it is all you ought to ask of me,—I will faithfully keep my promise to you. You may be sure that the secret is safe with me. I shall not mention the fact of our Cousin Julian's existence to a single soul till you tell me I am free to do so!"

"Of course I know that you will keep your promise. But, Margaret dear, that is not the point I am anxious about. You know that is not it!"

"Well, as to the rest, I must say it seems to me that the best plan would be for us not to interfere with each other. The two cases, you must remember, are widely different. Captain Ellingham—I presume it is for him that you are so desperately alarmed—is a poor man. Lady Farnleigh, you know, very properly told us so when she first brought him here. Whether she would not have done better and acted a more friendly part under the circumstances to have abstained from bringing him here at all, is another matter. I, at all events, have no reason to complain of her imprudence in doing so! But Mr. Falconer—for I wont pretend not to understand that you are thinking of him, in your sermons to me—Mr. Falconer is not a poor man,—very far from it! And that makes such a difference as to change entirely all the considerations that ought to govern one's conduct in the matter."

"But oh, Margaret, you would not have him propose to you, thinking you an heiress, to find out his mistake afterward? It would be impossible for you to accept him under such circumstances. It would be dishonoring to you, and to all of us!"

"You go upon the supposition, Kate, that Mr. Falconer is as mercenary as"—

Kate gave a start that was almost a bound; and there was a something in the glance of her eye that Margaret had never seen there before, and that probably had never been there before,—a something that warned her to stop short in what she was saying; and to continue,—

—"That is I don't mean to express any opinion of anybody else; I only mean that you argue—you must admit you do—upon the supposition that Falconer is actuated by mercenary motives in his attentions to me. Now I don't think that is fair, or charitable, or delicate. I entirely refuse to believe anything of the kind. It would have been impossible for me to have listened to him for an instant otherwise; for my own heart revolts so instinctively from any mixing of worldly considerations with matters that should be regulated by the purest impulses of the affections only, the whole of my nature rebels so strongly against the shopkeeping spirit in which, as I have always heard, such things are regarded in England, that I cannot submit to be guided by any maxims drawn from such notions."

"That seems all very right," said Kate, sadly, and somewhat mystified by the grandiloquent sentimentalities of Margaret's oration, delivered with a tone and manner which would have compelled Madame de Renneville to have clasped her instantly to her bosom; if she could have heard it; "but yet," she added, timidly,—

"There is the bell!" interrupted Margaret, glad to avoid what she knew Kate was going to say, just as well, or perhaps more clearly than Kate knew it herself; "we must make haste down, or we shall be late, and papa will be angry."

"Yes, we must go!" said Kate, ruefully; "and mind, dear, we must keep the best countenance we can. It is very difficult to have trouble at heart, and not show it in one's face!"

"I dare say it is at first, to those who have not had the advantage of the best education," said Margaret, "but Madame de Renneville always insisted on the necessity of being able to do so, to a *jeune personne bien élevée*."

Kate did not say "Hang Madame de Renneville," or any feminine equivalent for that masculine mode of relieving the feelings, and I do not know that I have any stronger evidence of the angelic sweetness of her disposition to lay before the reader.

So the two girls went down to breakfast; and Kate had to stand a fire of questions from her father about the wounded stranger; and declarations that he should be obliged at last to forbid her visiting Deep Creek Cottage; for that that fellow Pendleton would end by

making the county too hot to hold him; and that if he did it would be a good riddance for Winifred; that things were coming to a pass which would make it absolutely necessary for the gentlemen of the county to set their faces more decidedly against smuggling, etc., etc., most of which the jolly old gentleman had said from time to time for the last twenty years, and notwithstanding which, his fine old florid, benevolence-beaming face, with its adornment of silver locks, remained set much as it ever had been and was likely to continue set, as long as he was lord of Lindisfarn.

"Any commands, ladies?" said Mr. Mat, as they were leaving the breakfast-table. "What is it to be this morning, Miss Kate, a gallop over the common to Weston? I think you seem to want one; you look as if this Sillmouth business had fretted you."

"No, thank you, Mr. Mat. Birdie has done her twenty miles yesterday and the day before. I think I shall have one of my rambles in the woods this morning."

"And I was going to try if I could coax Mr. Mat to drive me over to Silverton. I promised Aunt Sempronia that I would pay her a visit."

"Of course I'm ready, Miss Margaret," said Mr. Mat, with not the best grace in the world; "but if another day would do as well, there is a matter I wanted to see to at Farmer Nixon's at Four-tree Hollow"—

"Come now, Mr. Mat," returned Margaret, utterly throwing away upon the savage a glance which she deemed, and which ought to have been, irresistible, "you forgot all about Farmer Nixon and Four-tree Hollow, when it was a question of riding with Kate."

"Ah, but Miss Kate, you see," returned Mr. Mat, pausing when he had got thus far, and scratching his black scrubbing-brush of a head with the end of one fore-finger, while he looked at Margaret with a *naïveté* utterly unconscious of any offence in what he was saying, pointing at the same time with his thumb toward the door by which Kate had left the room.—"Miss Kate, you see—is Miss Kate; and there is not another such between this and London!"

Never had Madame de Renneville's golden rule respecting the advantages of the *Volto sciolto*, *pensieri stretti*, to a *jeune personne bien élevée* been more necessary to her pupil than while she replied, with a smile of undiminished sweetness,—

"Oh! I know I must not pretend to rival Kate in your affections, Mr. Mat"—

"Nay, Miss Margaret," replied the untamable savage, shaking his head, "there's not the lass, nor the lad either, above ground who can do that; for I do love her better than all the world! But if you have promised her ladyship in the Close"—

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Mat; I know my aunt is expecting me," replied Margaret, who during the past winter had followed up the good impression she had made in the Close at her first visit, and had made many visits to Silverton in consequence. Indeed, she had in that manner found the means of doing a considerable portion of the flirtation with Fred Falconer, which had been requisite for the advancing of matters between them to the point at which we found them, when making the survey for our *carte de tendre* in the present spring. It was true, therefore, in a certain sense, for Margaret to say that her aunt was expecting her, inasmuch as she certainly expected to see her in the Close again ere long. But it was not true that any special arrangement had been made for Margaret to come to Silverton on that day.

"Well, then," said Mr. Mat, in reply to Margaret's declaration to that effect, "of course I'll drive you over. I suppose I had better order the gig round at once?"

"I heard you asking Mr. Mat to drive you over to Silverton," said Kate, who was putting on her walking things when Margaret came up-stairs to prepare for her visit to Silverton; "I should hardly have wished, I think, in your place, to go there to-day, if I could have avoided it. Of course you will take care to say no word that might lead to the discovery of our secret. It will be best to say nothing about the smuggling, or the wounded man, or the fight, or anything about it. Neither my uncle nor Aunt Sempronia will in all probability have heard a word of it."

"I will take care," said Margaret.

"And Margaret, dearest," added Kate, looking earnestly and beseechingly at her sister; "of course it will be wise under the circumstances to avoid any chance of seeing Fred Falconer!"

"I never seek to see him," replied Margaret, with a toss of her head; "how can you suppose that I should do such a thing?"

"I don't suppose you do, sissy dear; but

I think that, as things are, it would be prudent to seek, all you possibly can, *not* to see him. Think how you would be distressed if—if he were to say anything, you know!"

"I know what I am about, Kate!" said the *jeune personne bien élevée*, who did such credit to her Parisian training.

Pretty much depends, as Dick Wyvill, the groom, had justly remarked, on "the manner in which they are broke."

So Kate went out for her solitary ramble among the woods above the house, and Margaret got into the gig with Mr. Mat for her drive to Silverton. The former directed her steps in the same direction as she had done on the afternoon previous to the great storm, during which the *Saucy Sally* had escaped from the *Petrel*. Now, as then, she gradually climbed the hill by the zigzagging wood paths, till she reached the naked rock jutting out from the soil composed of slaty *débris* and vegetable mould, the remains of many a generation of oaks, that formed the topmost height of Lindisfarn brow. Upon the former occasion she had gone thither with the intentional purpose of looking out at the signs of the weather. Now it was an in-look into her own heart that mainly interested her, and for the sake of which she had come out for a solitary ramble in the woods; and she wandered up to the summit of the brow, careless of the direction she was taking.

The huge limestone mass, which formed the Lindisfarn Stone as it was called *par excellence*, rose out of the earth by a gradual and moss-grown slope on the side looking away from Lindisfarn house, from the gently-swelling wooded hill that sloped down to Lindisfarn Brook, from Silverton, and from the coast. The other side, which looked toward all these places, formed, on the contrary, a precipitous little cliff in miniature, some fifteen or twenty feet in height. And the ground in front of it fell away at its foot in a steep declivity for a further height of another twenty feet or so, at the bottom of which grew the nearest trees. So that a person on the top of the Lindisfarn Stone was on a vantage ground which enabled him to look over the thick forest, and to command a charming view of all the falling ground, and of the opposite side of the Lindisfarn Brook valley up to the old tower of Silverton castle, which could just be seen over the crest of the opposite hill.

Kate climbed to the top of the stone, as she had done on many a former occasion, but never with so heavy and care-laden a heart before; and sat herself down near the edge of it, facing the precipitous side and the well-known view over the woods and fields, which were to be hers no more.

The lord of Lindisfarn was monarch of nearly all that he surveyed from the top of the Lindisfarn Stone: and the spot was one eminently calculated to suggest ideas connected with territorial proprietorship. But Kate had come thither with no leaning toward any such thoughts in her head. Her heart was full of troubles, which, though taking their rise from the same source, pressed upon her immediately under a different aspect.

Oh that she could hide herself, bury herself, lock herself up for the next month to come! There, on the solitary Lindisfarn Stone, she was safe for the passing hour. Would that it were possible to remain there; where at least for the nonce she was secure from the dreaded danger of that pursuit which had so often been—and she blushed as the confession passed through her mind—a source of happiness to her!

She had been sitting thus for some time, letting the minutes heap themselves up into hours, while she mused at one moment on a whole brainful of minute little projects for avoiding all chances of any such interview with Captain Ellingham as might give him an opportunity for saying the words she now so dreaded to hear; and then again on the manner in which it would behoove her to comport herself, and on the words she would have to say, if that terrible misfortune, despite all her efforts to avoid it, should befall her. She tried to figure forth to herself the scene as it would take place, to imagine the words which he might be supposed to say, and those in which she would be compelled by cruel fate—ah, how cruel!—to answer him. And as she placed it all on the stage of her imagination, she rehearsed accurately enough at least one portion of the *rôle*, as she would in all probability play it:—for she wept bitterly.

Presently she was startled by the sound of voices among the trees beneath her, just within the edge of the forest, where it encircled the clear space occupied by the Lindisfarn Stone; and listening with head erect and bated breath, like a hare startled on her form, was able in the next minute to distin-



guish those of Captain Ellingham and old Brian Wyvill, the pensioned ex-gamekeeper. "There be the Lindisfarn Stoan, zur!" she heard the latter say; "that be the highest ground in all the Lindisfarn laiid; and vrom the tep o' that stoan you may zee a'most all the estate. 'Tis a bewtiful zeat to zet on; and Miss Kate comes ep here time and again. I zems we shall vind her here now."

And the next minute the speaker, emerging with his companion from the edge of the wood, espied her on the top of the rock above them.

"There she be, zure enough, capten! Please, Miss Kate, capten kem up to the Chase a-wanting vor tu speak tu ee, and as yew was not tu house, I tould un, I thot a cou'd vind ee; zo we kem up the vorest tegether."

"It's a true, full, and particular account, Miss Lindisfarn. I did come up to the Chase on purpose to speak to you, and was very unwilling to return and leave my errand unsaid, and so ventured by the help of old Brian to start on an exploring cruise in search of you. May I scale your fortress?"

"If you can find the way to do so," replied Kate, striving to speak in her usual light-hearted tone, and hoping that he might lose some little time in finding the side by which the stone is accessible, and so give her a few moments to collect herself and dry her eyes. She strove hard to speak gayly, but there was a tremor in her voice; for her heart was beating as though it would force its way out from her bosom. For a moment she clung to an absurd hope that old Brian Wyvill would remain, and make any *tête-à-tête* conversation impossible; but in the next, she heard him tell Captain Ellingham that he "med walk ep tu the tep of the stoan on t'other zide ev it," and saw him turn to go down the hill.

Ellingham little thought, when he talked playfully of scaling her fortress, how nearly the words represented the true state of the case, and how much she would have given to have made it absolutely inaccessible to him.

She had little doubt that the misfortune she had much dreaded had fallen upon her already. If she had not been in such a nervous agony of fear, lest Ellingham should propose to her under the present circumstances, she probably would not have felt so certain that it was coming. As it was, she had little doubt of it; and the fear of the bitter,

bitter draught that was nearly at her lips was so great as to suggest a mad and momentary thought of the possibility of escape from it by throwing herself off the rock from the front of it before her lover could reach the top of it from behind.

Her lover! Yes. Kate did not pretend to herself to have any doubt about it. There stands the account of her conversation with Ellingham on the occasion of her attempt at bribery and corruption, fairly reported in a previous chapter. One does not find anything like love-making in it! Lydia Languish could not scent the faintest odor of "*la belle passion*" in any part of the conversation. The combined ingenuity of Dodson and Fogg could not have extracted from it the faintest indication of a compromising intention. Yet it was after that conversation that Ellingham had felt as if he were walking on air, and had gone off in the gig triumphant and rejoicing. It was when she went up to her room to prepare for her ride to Sillmouth, to carry the tidings of his utter refusal to comply with her wishes, that Kate had first felt the delicious certainty that he was hers, and hers only, forever.

Strange! How poor imperfectly-articulate, half-dumb lovers do get to understand each other in some way, certainly deserves an enlightened naturalist's attention. The ants, too, how curious is the way in which they evidently communicate intelligence, often of a complicated character, to one another, apparently also in their case by the appropinquation of noses! I suppose, however, that the ants have expressive eyes. Otherwise I have no conception how they manage their confabulations.

Putting out of the question, however, the whole of that intensely interesting subject on which poor Kate so dreaded to hear Ellingham enter, there were topics enough on which it was very natural he might wish to speak to her. They had not met since that memorable conversation at the early breakfast-table. It was very intelligible that they should both wish to talk over the result of the events to which they were then looking forward. Nevertheless, Kate felt sure that Ellingham's present errand was not merely to talk of smugglers and smuggler hunting. She knew—why or how she knew she could not tell—but she had not the slightest doubt that the misfortune, to the possibility of

which she had been looking forward as the most terrible that could happen to her, had in reality fallen upon her. Nor did she doubt or waver for an instant in her decision as to the only answer that it was possible for her to make to the communication that awaited her. If only she could have told him the truth!—not *all* the truth,—not the too undeniable truth that she loved him with a passion that paled all else in life, even as a sunbeam pales the dull glow of fire among the ashes on a hearth half burned out,—not this, but simply the truth respecting the vanishing of her worldly wealth! Far, far better, infinitely better would it have been if that truth could have been made known to him before he had set forth on the errand that had now brought him to the Lindisfarn Stone! Failing this, it would have been an infinite relief to her to have been able to tell the truth now, and to attribute her rejection to its true motives. But to be obliged to answer him by an unmotivated rejection,—she, in her character of a wealthy heiress, to refuse her hand to the brave man, rich in honor, loyal truth, noble thoughts, and all the treasures of a loving, honest, manly heart—to be compelled the while to hide with jealous care every word,

every action, every glance, that might betray the secret of that yearning love, which seemed to be intensified by the pity she felt for the pang she was about to inflict; to crush deep down into the recesses of the beating little heart, that was bounding in its prison-house with longing to pour itself and all its thoughts and sorrows and troubles into his arms, every indication that she was not in truth the cold mammon-worshipping worldling that she must necessarily appear to him,—this was indeed a cruel, cruel fate!

In a minute or two more she heard Captain Ellingham coming up the sloping side of the rock behind her. She was seated, as has been said, on the verge of the other side, looking towards Silvertown, with her back turned to the side from which he was approaching. Every foot-fall, as he stepped hurriedly across the nearly flat top of the huge stone, seemed to strike a blow on her heart. She would have risen to meet him; but it was utterly impossible for her to do so. She sat gazing over the prospect of woods and distant fields as if she were fascinated and rooted to the spot, till she heard his voice by her side.

**WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.**—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a beehive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has long been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance; it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodide of silver on the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrupy

honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness, and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—*"Chronicle of Optics," in the Quarterly Journal of Science.*

## THE EMPEROR'S RETURN.\*

*(Il disait, "Oh! je reviendrai.")*

SIRE ! to thy capital thou shalt come back,  
 Without the battle's tocsin and wild stir,  
 Beneath the arch drawn by eight steeds coal  
 black,  
 Dressed like an emperor.

Through this same portal, God accompanying,  
 Sire ! thou shalt come upon thy car of state,  
 Like Charlemagne a high ensainted king,  
 Like Cæsar wondrous great.

On thy gold sceptre, to be vanquished never,  
 Thy crimson-beaked bird shall shine anon ;  
 Upon thy mantle all thy bees a shiver  
 Shall twinkle in the sun.

Paris shall light up all her high and hundred  
 Towers, shall speak out with all her tones sub-  
 lime ;  
 Bells, clarions, rolling drums shall all be thun-  
 dered  
 In music at a time.

A mighty people, pale, with steps that falter,  
 Shall come to thee, by one attraction drawn,  
 Awe-stricken as a priest before the altar,  
 Glad as a child at dawn,

A people who would lay all laws e'er sung  
 Or storied at thy feet, aye floating on  
 Intoxicate from Bonaparte the young  
 To old Napoleon.

Then a new army, burning for the advance,  
 In exploit terrible, round thy car shall cry  
 Amain "Vive l'Empereur" and "Vive la  
 France !"   
 And seeing thee pass by,

Chief of the mighty empire ! down shall fall  
 People and troops ; but thou before their view  
 Shalt not be able to stoop down at all  
 With "I am pleased at you."

An acclamation, tender, lofty, sweet,  
 A heart-song high as ecstasy can bear it,  
 Shall fill, O captain mine ! the city's street,  
 But thou shalt never hear it.

Stern grenadiers, the veterans we admire,  
 Mute thy steed's steps shall kiss—albeit  
 A sight pathetic, beautiful, yet, sire !  
 Your majesty shall not see it.

While round thy form gigantic like a friend  
 France and the world awake, in shadows deep,  
 Here in thy Paris, ever world without end  
 Thou shalt lie fast asleep.

Aye, fast asleep, with that same sullen slumber,  
 Those heavy dreams that on his stone-chain  
 fix

\* Translated from Victor Hugo.

The Barbarossa sitting out that number  
 Of centuries now six.

Thy sword beside thee, and thine eyelids close,  
 Thy hand yet moved by Bertrand's kiss—the  
 last,  
 Upon the bed whence sleeper never rose  
 Thou shalt be stretched full fast.

Like to those soldiers, marching bolt upright  
 So often after thee to field or town,  
 Who, by the wind of battle touched one night,  
 Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers, not like those whose race is run,  
 With grave, proud attitude of armed men ;  
 But them that voice of dawn, the morning gun,  
 Shall never wake again.

Yea, so much like, that seeing thee all ice,  
 Like a mute god permitting adoration,  
 They who came smiling, love-drunk, in a trice  
 Shall raise a lamentation.

Sire ! at that moment thou, for kingdom meet,  
 Shalt have all beating hearts to be thine own ;  
 Nations shall make thy phantom take his seat,  
 A universal throne.

Poets select upon their knees in dust  
 Shall hail thee far diviner than of old,  
 And gild thine altar, stained by hands unjust,  
 With a sublimer gold.

The clouds shall pass away from thy great glory,  
 Nothing to trouble it for aye shalt come ;  
 It shall expand itself o'er all our story,  
 Like a vast azure dome.

Yea, thou shalt be to all a presence solemn,  
 Both good and great—to France an exile high  
 And calm,—a brass Colossus on thy column  
 To every stranger's eye.

But thou, the while the sacred pomp shall lead  
 A cortege such as time hath never heard,  
 So that all eyes shall seem to see indeed  
 A vanished world upstirred ;

The while they hear (hard by the wondrous  
 dome  
 Where shadows keep the great names that  
 men mark  
 In Paris still) the old guns growling home  
 Their master with a bark ;

The while thy name without a peer shall soar  
 Illustrious, beautiful, to heaven,—ah ! thou  
 Shalt in the darkness feel for evermore  
 The grave-worm on thy brow !

W. A.

—Spectator.

## PART VI.—CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY FRANKLAND'S return made a great difference to the tutor, between whom and the heir of the house there existed that vague sense of jealousy and rivalry which was embittered on the part of young Frankland by certain consciousness of obligation. He was a good-natured fellow enough, and above the meanness of treating unkindly anybody who was in a dependent position; but the circumstances were awkward, and he did not know how to comport himself toward the stranger. "The fellow looks like a gentleman," he said privately in confidence to his mother; "if I had never seen him before, we might have got on, you know; but it's a horrible nuisance to feel that you're obliged to a fellow in that kind of position—neither your equal, you know, nor your inferior, nor—What on earth induced the governor to have him here? If it hadn't been for these cheap Scotch universities and stuff, he'd have been a ploughman that one could have given ten pounds to and been done with him. It's a confounded nuisance having him here."

"Hush, Harry," said Lady Frankland. "He is very nice and very gentlemanly, I think. He used to be very amusing before you came home. Papa, you know, is not entertaining after dinner; and really Mr. Campbell was quite an acquisition, especially to Matty, who can't live without a slave," said the lady of the house, with an indulgent, matronly smile.

"Oh, confound it, why did the governor have him here?" cried the discontented heir. "As for Matty, it appears to me she had better begin to think of doing without slaves," he said, moodily, with a cloud on his face; a speech which made his mother look up with a quick movement of anxiety, though she still smiled.

"I can't make out either you or Matty," said Lady Frankland. "I wish you would be either off or on. With such an appearance of indifference as you show to each other usually"—

"Oh, indifference, by Jove!" said Harry, breaking in upon his mother's words; and the young man gave a short whistle, and, jumping up abruptly, went off without waiting for any conclusion. Lady Frankland was not in the habit of disturbing herself about things in general. She looked after her son with a serious look, which, however, lasted but a

moment. She returned immediately to her placidity and her needlework. "I dare say it will come all right," she said to herself, with serene philosophy, which perhaps accounted for the absence of wrinkles in her comely, middle-aged countenance. Harry, on the contrary, went off in anything but a serene state of mind. It was a foggy day, and the clouds lay very low and heavy over the fen-country, where there was nothing to relieve the dulness of nature. And it was afternoon,—the very time of the day when all hopes and attempts at cheering up are over—and dinner was still too far off to throw its genial glow upon the dusky house. There had been nothing going on for a day or two at Wodensbourne. Harry was before his time, and the expected guests had not yet arrived, and the weather was as troublesome and hindering of every kind of recreation as weather could possibly be. Young Frankland went out in a little fit of impatience, and was met at the hall-door by a mouthful of dense white steaming air, through which even the jovial trees of holly, all glowing with Christmas berries, loomed like two prickly ghosts. He uttered an exclamation of disgust as he stood on the broad stone steps, not quite sure what to do with himself—whether to face the chill misery of the air outside, or to hunt up Matty and Charlie, and betake himself to the billiard-room within. But then the tutor—confound the fellow! Just at this moment Harry Frankland heard a laugh, a provoking little peal of silver bells. He had an odd sort of affection—half love, half dislike—for his cousin. But of all Matty's charms, there was none which so tantalized and bewitched him as this laugh, which was generally acknowledged to be charming. "Much there is to laugh about, by Jove!" he muttered to himself, with an angry flush; but he grew grimly furious when he heard her voice.

"You won't give in," said Matty, "the Scotch never will, I know; you are all so dreadfully argumentative and quarrelsome. But you are beaten, though you won't acknowledge it; you know you are. I like talking to you," continued the little witch, dropping her voice a little, "because—hush! I thought I heard some one calling me from the house."

"Because why?" said Colin. They were a good way off, behind one of those great

holly-trees; but young Frankland, with his quickened ears, discerned in an instant the softness, the tender admiration, the music of the tutor's voice. "By Jove!" said the heir to himself; and then he shouted out, "Matty, look here! come here!" in tones as different from those of Colin as discord is from harmony. It did not occur to him that Miss Matty's ear being perfectly cool and unexcited, was quite able to discriminate between the two voices which thus claimed her regard.

"What do you want?" said Matty. "Don't stand there in the fog like a ghost; if you have anything to say, come here. I am taking my constitutional; one's first duty is the care of one's health," said the wicked little creature, with her ring of laughter; and she turned back again under his very eyes along the terrace without looking at him again. As for Harry Frankland, the words which escaped from his excited lips were not adapted for publication. If he had been a little less angry, he would have joined them, and so made an end of the tutor; but, being furious, and not understanding anything about it, he burst for a moment into profane language, and then went off to the stables, where all the people had a bad time of it until the dressing-bell rang.

"What a savage he is!" said Matty, confidentially. "That is the bore of cousins; they can't bear to see one happy, and yet they won't take the trouble of making themselves agreeable. How nice it used to be down at Kilchurn *that* summer—you remember? And what quantities of poetry you used to write. I suppose Wodensbourne is not congenial to poetry? You have never shown me anything since you came here."

"Poetry is only for one's youth," said Colin; "that is, if you dignify my verses with the name,—for one's extreme youth, when one believes in everything that is impossible; and for Kilchurn and the Lady's Glen and the Holy Loch," said the youth, after a pause, with a fervor which disconcerted Matty. "That summer was not summer, but a bit of paradise—and life is real at Wodensbourne."

"I wish you would not speak in riddles," said Miss Matty, who was in the humor to have a little more of this inferred worship. "I should have thought life was a great deal

more real at Ramore than here. Here we have luxuries and things—and—and—and books and"—She meant to have implied that the homely life was hard, and to have delicately intimated to Colin the advantage of living under the roof of Sir Thomas Frankland; but, catching his eye at the outset of her sentence, Matty had suddenly perceived her mistake, and broke down in a way most unusual to her. As she floundered, the young man looked at her with a full, unhesitating gaze, and an incomprehensible smile.

"Pardon me," he said; he had scarcely ever attempted before to take the superiority out of her hands, little trifler and fine lady as she was; he had been quite content to lay himself down in the dust and suffer her to march over him in airy triumph. But, while she was only a little tricksy coquette, taking from his imagination all her higher charms, Colin was a true man, a man full of young genius and faculties a world beyond anything known to Matty; and, when he was roused for the moment, it was so easy for him to confound her paltry pretensions. "Pardon me," he said, with the smile which piqued her, which she did not understand; "I think you mistake. At Ramore I was a poor farmer's son; but we had other things to think of than the difference between wealth and poverty. At Ramore we think nothing impossible; but here"—said Colin, looking round him with a mixture of contempt and admiration which Matty could not comprehend. "That, you perceive, was the age of poetry, the age of romance, the golden age," said the young man, with a smile. "The true knight required nothing but his sword, and was more than a match for all kinds of ugly kings and wicked enchanters; but Wodensbourne is prose, hard prose,—fine English, if you like, and much to be applauded for its style." The tutor ran on, delivering himself up to his fancy. "Not Miltonian, to be sure; more like Macaulay—fine, vigorous English, not destitute of appropriate ornament, but still prose, plain prose, Miss Frankland,—only prose!"

"It appears to me that you are cross, Mr. Campbell," said Matty, with a little spite; for her young vassal showed signs of enfranchisement when he called her by her name. "You like your rainy loch better than anything else in the world; and you are sorry,"



said the syren, dropping her voice,—“you are even so unkind as to be sorry that you have come here?”

“Sometimes, yes,” said Colin, suddenly clouding over. “It is true.”

“*Sempre si*,” said Matty; “though you cannot deny that we freed you from the delightful duty of listening to Sir Thomas after dinner,” she went on, with a laugh. “Dear old uncle, why does he snore? So you are really sorry you came? I do so wish you would tell me why. Wodensbourne, at least, is better than Ardmartin,” said Miss Matty, with a look of pique. She was rather relieved and yet horribly disappointed at the thought that Colin might perhaps be coming to his senses, in so far as she herself was concerned. It would save him a good deal of embarrassment, it was true; but she was intent upon preventing it all the same.

“I will tell you why I am sorry, if you will tell me why I ought to be glad,” said Colin who was wise enough, for once, to see that he had the best of the argument.

“Oh, I don’t know,” said Matty; “if you don’t see yourself—if you don’t care about the advantages—if you don’t mind living in the same—I mean, if you don’t see the good.”

“I don’t see any good,” said Colin, with suppressed passion, “except one which, if I stated it plainly, you would not permit me to claim. I see no advantages that I can venture to put in words. On the other hand, Wodensbourne has taught me a great deal. This fine, perspicuous English prose points an argument a great deal better than all the Highland rhymings in existence,” said the young man, bitterly; “I’ll give you a professional example, as I’m a tutor. At the Holy Loch we conjugate all our verbs affirmatively, interrogatively. Charley and I are getting them up in the negative form here, and it’s hard work,” said Charley’s tutor. He broke off with a laugh which sounded strange and harsh, an unusual effect, in his companion’s ear.

“Affirmatively? Interrogatively?” said Miss Matty, with a pretty puzzled look; “I hate long words. How do you suppose I can know what you mean? It is such a long time since I learnt my verbs—and then one always hated them so. Look here, what a lovely holly-leaf! *Il m’aime, il ne m’aime pas*?” said Miss Matty, pricking her fingers

on the verdant spikes, and casting a glance at Colin. When their eyes met, they both laughed, and blushed a little in their several ways—that is to say, Miss Matty’s swart complexion grew a little, a very little, brighter for one moment, or Colin at least thought it did, whereas the blood flushed all over his face, and went dancing back like so many streams of new life and joy to exhilarate his foolish youthful heart.

“By the by, I wonder if that foolish Harry came from my aunt; perhaps she wants me,” said Miss Matty, who had gone as far as she meant to go. “Besides, the fog gets heavier; though, to be sure, I have seen it twenty times worse at Kilchurn. Perhaps it is the fog and the rain that makes it poetical there? I prefer reality, if that means a little sunshine, or even the fire in my lady’s dressing-room,” she cried, with a shiver. “Go indoors and write me some pretty verses: it is the only thing you can do after being such a savage. *Au revoir*—there are no half-partings in English, and it’s so ridiculous to say good-by for an hour or two,” said Miss Matty. She made him a little mock courtesy as she went away, to which, out of the fulness of her grace, the little witch added a smile and a pretty wave of her hand as she disappeared round the corner of the great holly, which were meant to leave Colin in a state of ecstasy. He stayed on the foggy terrace a long time after she had left him; but the young man’s thoughts were not ecstatic. So long as she was present, so long as the strongest spell of natural magic occupied his eyes in watching and his ears in listening to her, he was still carried along and kept up by the witchery of young love. But in the intervals when her presence was withdrawn, matters grew to be rather serious with Colin. He was not like a lovesick girl, able to exist upon these occasional sweetnesss; he was a man, and required something more to satisfy his mind than the tantalizing enchantments and disappointments of this intercourse, which was fascinating enough in its way, but had no substance or reality in it. He had spoken truly; it had been entire romance, sweet as a morning dream at the Holy Loch. There the two young creatures, wandering by the glens and streams, were the ideal youth and maiden entering upon their natural inheritance of beauty and love and mutual admiration;

and at homely Ramore, where the world to which Matty belonged was utterly unknown, it was not difficult either for Colin himself, or for those around him, to believe that—with his endowments, his talents, and genius—he could do anything, or win any woman. Wodensbourne was a most sobering, disenchanting reality after this wonderful delusion. The Franklanks were all so kind to the young tutor, and their sense of obligation toward him made his position so much better than any other tutor's of his pretensions could have been, that the lesson came with all the more overwhelming force upon his awakening faculties. The morning and its dreams were gliding away,—or, at least, Colin thought so; and this clear daylight, which began to come in, dissipating all the magical effects of sunshine and mist and dew, had to be faced as he best could. He was not a young prince, independent of ordinary requirements; he was truly a poor man's son, and possessed by an ideal of life and labor such as has inspired many a young Scotchman. He wanted not only to get on in the world, to acquire an income and marry Matty, but also to be good for something in his generation. If the course of true love had been quite smooth with him, if Matty had been his natural mate, Colin could not have contented himself with that personal felicity. He was doubtful of all his surroundings, like most young men of his period,—doubtful what to do and how to do it,—more than doubtful of all the local ways and fashions of the profession to which he had been trained. But underneath this uncertainty lay something of which Colin had no doubt. He had not been brought into the world without an object; he did not mean to leave it without leaving some mark that he had been here. To get through life easily and secure as much pleasure as possible by the way was not the theory of existence known at Ramore. *There* it was understood to be a man's, a son's duty to better his position, to make his way upward in the world: and this philosophy of life had been enlarged and elevated in the poetic soul of Colin's mother. He had something to do in his own country, in his own generation. That was the master-idea of the young man's mind. How it was to be reconciled with this aimless, dependent life in the rich English household—with this rivalry, which

could never come to anything, with Sir Thomas Frankland's heir—with this vain love, which, it began to be apparent to Colin, must, like the rivalry, end in nothing—it was hard to see. He remained on the terrace for about an hour, walking up and down in the fog. All that he could see before him, were some indistinct outlines of trees, looking black through the steaming white air, and, behind, the great ghost of the house, with its long front and wings receding into the mist,—the great, wealthy, stranger house, to which he and his life had so little relationship. Many were the thoughts in Colin's mind during this hour; and they were far from satisfactory. Even the object of his love began to be clouded over with fogs, which looked very different, breathing over those low, rich, English levels, from the fairy mists of the Lady's Glen. He began to perceive dimly that his devotion was a toy and plaything to this little woman of the world. He began to perceive what an amount of love would be necessary to make such a creature as Matty place herself consciously by the side of such a lover as himself. Love!—and as yet all that he could say certainly of Matty was that she liked a little love-making, and had afforded him a great many facilities for that agreeable but unproductive occupation. Colin's heart lost itself in an uncertainty darker than the fog. His own position galled him profoundly. He was Charley's tutor. They were all very kind to him; but, supposing he were to ask the child of the house to descend from her eminence and be his wife—not even his wife, indeed, but his betrothed; to wait years and years for him until he should be able to claim her,—what would everybody think of him? Colin's heart beat against his breast in loud throbs of wounded love and pride. At Wodensbourne everything seemed impossible. He had not the heart to go away and end abruptly his first love and all his dreams, and how could he stay to consume his heart and his life? How go back to the old existence, which would now be so much harder? How begin anew and try another existence apart from all his training and traditions, for the sake of that wildest of incredible hopes? Colin had lived for some time in this state of struggle and argument with himself, and it was only Matty's presence which at times delivered him from it. Now, as before, he

took refuge in the thought that he could not immediately free himself: that, having accepted his position as Charley's tutor, he could not relinquish it immediately; that honor bound him to remain for the winter at least. When he had come, for the fiftieth time, to this conclusion, he went indoors, and up-stairs to his room. It was a good way up, but yet it was more luxurious than anything in Ramore, and on the table there were some flowers which she had given him the night before. Poor Colin! after his serious reflections he owed himself a little holiday. It was an odd enough conclusion, certainly, to his thoughts, but he had an hour to himself and his writing-desk was open on the table, and involuntarily he bethought himself of Miss Matty's parting words. The end of it was that he occupied his hour writing and rewriting and polishing into smooth couplets the pretty verses which that young lady had asked for. Colin's verses were as follows, from which it will be seen that, though he had a great deal of poetical sentiment, he was right in refusing to consider himself a poet:—

"In English speech, my lady said,  
There are no sweet half-partings made—  
Words half regret, half joy, that tell  
We meet again and all is well.  
Ah, not for sunny hours or days  
Its grave 'Farewell' our England says;  
Nor for a moment's absence, true,  
Utters its prayer, 'God be with you.'  
Other the thoughts that Love may reach,  
In the grave tones of English speech;  
Deeper than Fancy's passing breath,  
The blessing stands for life or death.  
If Heaven in wrath should rule it so,  
If earth were capable of woe  
So bitter as that this might be  
The last dear word 'twixt thee and me,  
Thus Love in English speech, above  
All lighter thoughts, breathes, 'Farewell, Love;  
For hours or ages if we part,  
God be with thee, where'er thou art.  
To no less hands than his alone  
I trust thy soul out of my own.'  
Thus speaks the Love that, grave and strong,  
Can master death, neglect, and wrong,  
Yet ne'er can learn, long as it lives,  
To limit the full soul it gives,  
Or cheat the parting of its pain  
With light words 'Till we meet again.'  
Ah, no, while on a moment's breath  
Love holds the poise 'twixt life and death,  
He cannot leave who loves thee, sweet,  
With light postponement 'Till we meet;  
But rather prays, 'Whate'er may be  
My life or death, God be with thee!

Though one brief hour my course may tell,  
Ever and ever fare *thou* well."

Probably the readers of this history will think that Colin deserved his fate.

He gave them to her in the evening, when he found her alone in the drawing-room,—alone, at least, in so far that Lady Frankland was nodding over the newspaper, and taking no notice of Miss Matty's proceedings. "Oh, thank you! how nice of you!" cried the young lady; but she crumpled the little billet in her hand, and put it, not into her bosom as young ladies do in novels, but into her pocket, glancing at the door as she did so. "I do believe you are right in saying that there is nothing but prose here," said Matty. "I can't read it just now. It would only make them laugh, you know;" and she went away forthwith to the other end of the room, and began to occupy himself in arranging some music. She was thus employed when Harry came in, looking black enough. Colin was left to himself all that evening. He had, moreover, the gratification of witnessing all the privileges once accorded to himself given to his rival. Even in matters less urgent than love, it is disenchanted to see the same attentions lavished on another of which one has imagined one's self the only possessor. It was in vain that Colin attempted a grim smile to herself at this transference of Matty's wiles and witcheries. The lively table-talk—more lively than it could be with him, for the two knew all each other's friends and occupations; the little services about the tea-table which he himself had so often rendered to Matty, but which her cousin could render with a freedom impossible to Colin; the pleased, amused looks of the elders, who evidently imagined matters to be going on as they wished,—would have been enough of themselves to drive the unfortunate youth half wild as he sat in the background and witnessed it all. But, as Colin's evil genius would have it, the curate was that evening dining at Wodensbourne. And, in pursuance of his benevolent intention of cultivating and influencing the young Scotchman, this excellent ecclesiastic devoted himself to Colin. He asked a great many questions about Scotland and the Sabbath question, and the immoral habits of the peasantry, to which the catechumen replied with varying temper, sometimes giving wild answers, quite wide of the mark, as he applied

his jealous ear to hear rather the conversation going on at a little distance than the interrogatory addressed to himself. Most people have experienced something of the difficulty of keeping up an indifferent conversation while watching and straining to catch such scraps as may be audible of something more interesting going on close by; but the difficulty was aggravated in Colin's case by the fact that his own private interlocutor was doing everything in his power to exasperate him in a well-meaning and friendly way, and that the words which fell on his ear close at hand were scarcely less irritating than the half-heard words, the but too distinctly seen combinations at the other end of the room, where Matty was making tea, with her cousin hanging over her chair. After he had borne it as long as he could, Colin turned to bay.

"Scotland is not in the South Seas," said the young Scotchman; "a day's journey any time will take you there. As for our universities, they are not rich like yours; but they have been heard of from time to time," said Colin, with indignation. His eyes had caught fire from long provocation, and they were fixed at this moment upon Matty, who was showing her cousin something which she half drew out of her pocket under cover of her handkerchief. Was it his foolish offering that the two were about to laugh over? In the bitterness of the moment, he could have taken the most summary vengeance on the irreproachable young clergyman. "We don't tattoo ourselves nowadays, and no Englishman has eaten in my district within the memory of man," said the young savage, who looked quite inclined to swallow somebody, though it was doubtful who was the immediate object of his passion, which played in his brown eyes. Perhaps Colin had never been so much excited in his life.

"I beg your pardon," said the wondering curate. "I tell you, I fear"—and he followed Colin's eyes, after his first movement of offence was over, and perhaps comprehended the mystery; for the curate himself had been in his day the subject of experiments. "They seem to have come to a very good understanding, these two," he said, with a gentle clerical leaning toward inevitable gossip. "I told you how it was likely to be. I wish you would come to the vicar-

age oftener," continued the young priest. "If Frankland and you don't get on"—

"Why should not we get on?" said Colin, who was half mad with excitement,—he had just seen some paper, wonderfully like his own verses, handed from one to another of the pair who were so mutually engrossed,—and, if he could have tossed the curate or anybody else who might happen to be at hand out of window, it would have been a relief to his feelings. "He and I are in very different circumstances," said the young man, with his eyes aflame. "I am not aware that it is of the least importance to any one whether we get on or not. You forget that I am only the tutor." It occurred to him, as he spoke, how he had said the same words to Matty at Ardmartin, and how they had laughed together over his position. It was not any laughing matter now; and to see the two heads bending over that bit of paper was more than he could bear.

"I wish you would come oftener to the parsonage," said the benevolent curate. "I might be—we might be—of—of some use to each other. I am very much interested in your opinions. I wish I could bring you to see the beauty of all the Church's arrangements and the happiness of those"—

Here Colin rose to his feet without being aware of it, and the curate stopped speaking. He was a man of placid temper himself, and the young stranger's aspect alarmed him. Harry Frankland was coming forward with the bit of paper in his hand.

"Look here," said Frankland, instinctively turning his back on the tutor, "here's a little drawing my cousin has been making for some schools you want in the village. She says they must be looked after directly. It's only a scratch; but I think it's pretty—a woman is always shaky in her outlines, you know; but the idea ain't bad; is it? She says I am to talk to you on the subject," said the heir; and he spread out the sketch on the table and began to discuss it with the pleased curate. Harry was pleased, too, in a modified way; he thought he was gratifying Matty, and he thought it was good of such a wayward little thing to think about the village children; and finally, he thought if she had been indifferent to the young lord of the manor, she would not have taken so much trouble—which were all agreeable and con-

solatory imaginations. As for Colin, standing up by the table, his eyes suddenly glowed and melted into a mist of sweet compunctions; he stood quite still for a moment, and then he caught the smallest possible gesture, the movement of a finger, the scarce-perceptible lifting of an eyelash, which called him to her side. When he went up to Matty, he found her reading very demurely, with her book held in both her hands, and his little poem placed above the printed page. "It is charming!" said the little witch; "I could not look at it till I had got rid of Harry. It is quite delightful, and it is the greatest shame in the world not to print it; but I can't conceive how you can possibly remember the trumpery little things I say." The conclusion was, that sweeter dreams than usual visited Colin's sleep that night. Miss Matty had not yet done with her interesting victim.

## CHAPTER XVII.

COLIN found a letter on the breakfast-table next morning, which gave a new development to his mental struggle. It was from the professor in Glasgow in whose class he had won his greatest laurels. He was not a correspondent nor even a friend of Colin's, and the effect of his letter was increased accordingly. "One of our exhibitions to Balliol is to be competed for immediately after Christmas," wrote the professor. "I am very anxious that you should be a candidate. From all I have seen of you, I am inclined to augur a brilliant career for your talents if they are fully cultivated; and for the credit of our university, as well as for your own sake, I should be glad to see you the holder of this scholarship. Macdonald, your old rival, is a very satisfactory scholar, and has unbounded perseverance and steadiness—doggedness, I might almost say; but he is not the kind of man—I speak to you frankly—to do us any credit at Oxford, nor indeed to do himself any particular advantage. His is the commonly received type of Scotch intelligence,—hard, keen, and unsympathetic,—a form as little true to the character of the nation as conventional types usually are. I don't want, to speak the truth, to send him to my old college as a specimen of what we can produce here. It would be much more satisfactory to myself to send you, and I think you could make better use of the opportunities thus opened to you. Lauderdale informs

me that Sir Thomas Frankland is an old friend and one under obligations to you or your family; probably in the circumstances, he would not object to release you from your engagement. The matter is so important, that I don't think you should allow any false delicacy in respect to your present occupation to deter you from attending to your own interests. You are now just at the age to benefit in the highest degree by such an opportunity of prosecuting your studies."

This was the letter which woke all the slumbering forces of Colin's mind to renew the struggle against his heart and his fancy which he had already waged unsuccessfully. He was not of much use to Charley for that day at least; their conjugations, negative or affirmative, made but small progress, and the sharp-witted boy gave his tutor credit for being occupied with Matty, and scorned him accordingly,—of which fact the young man was fortunately quite unaware. When it became possible for Colin to speak to Sir Thomas on the subject, he had again lost himself in a maze of conflicting inclinations. Should he leave this false position, and betake himself again, in improved and altered circumstances, to the business of his life? But Colin saw very clearly that to leave his present position was to leave Matty; to relinquish his first dream; to give up the illusion which, notwithstanding all its drawbacks, had made life lovely to him for the past year at least. Already he had so far recovered his senses as to feel that, if he left her now, he left her forever, and that no new tie could be woven between his humble fortunes and those of the little siren at Wodensbourne. Knowing this, yet all the while subject to her witcheries—hearing the song that lured him on—how was he to take a strenuous resolution and leap back into the disenchanting existence, full of duty but deprived of delights, which awaited him in his proper sphere? He had gone out to the terrace again in the afternoon to argue it out with himself, when he encountered Sir Thomas, who had a cold, and was taking his constitutional discreetly for his health's sake, not without an eye to the garden in which Lady Frankland intended sundry alterations which were not quite satisfactory to her lord. "Of course I don't mean to interfere with my lady's fancies," said the baronet, who was pleased to find some one to whom he could confide his griefs;



"a flower-garden is a woman's department, certainly, if anything is; but I won't have this terrace disturbed. It used to be my mother's favorite walk," said Sir Thomas. The good man went on, a little moved by this particular recollection, meditating his grievance. Sir Thomas had got very nearly to the other end of that table-land of existence which lies between the ascent and the descent,—that interval in which the suns burn hottest, the winds blow coldest, but upon which, when it is fair weather, the best part of life may be spent. By right of his extended prospect, he was naturally a little contemptuous of those griefs and struggles of youth which cloud on the ascending way. Had any one told him of the real conflict which was going on in Colin's mind, the excellent middle-aged man would but have laughed at the boy's folly—a laughter softened yet confirmed by the recollection of similar clouds in his own experience which had long dispersed into thin air. He was a little serious at the present moment, about my lady's caprice, which aimed at altering the smooth stretch of lawn to which his eyes had been accustomed for years, and turned to listen to Colin, when the young man addressed him, with a slight air of impatience, not knowing anything of importance which the youth could have to say.

"I should be glad to know," said Colin, with hesitation, "how long you think Charley will want my services. Lady Frankland was speaking the other day of the improvement in his health."

"Yes," interrupted the baronet, brightening up a little; for his invalid boy was his favorite. "We are greatly obliged to you, Campbell. Charley has brightened and improved amazingly since you came here."

This was an embarrassing way of receiving Colin's attempt at disengaging himself from Charley. The youth hesitated and stammered, and could not well make up his mind what to say next. In his perplexity he took out the letter which had stimulated him to this attempt. Sir Thomas, who was still a little impatient, took it out of his hands and read it. The baronet whistled under his breath with puzzled astonishment as he read. "What does it mean?" said Sir Thomas. "You declined to go to Oxford under my auspices, and now here is something about a scholarship and a competition. You want to go to the university after all; but why, then, reject

my proposal when I made it?" said Colin's patron, who thought his *protégé* had chosen a most unlucky moment for changing his mind.

"I beg your pardon," said Colin, "but I could not accept your offer at any time. I could not accept such a favor from any man, and I know no claim I have upon you to warrant"—

"Oh, stuff!" said Sir Thomas; "I know very well what are the obligations I am under to you, Campbell. You saved my son Harry's life; we are all very sensible of your claims. I should certainly have expected you to help Harry as far as was possible, for he is like myself: he is more in the way of cricket and boating, and a day with the hounds when he can get it, than Greek; but I should have felt real pleasure," said the baronet, blandly, "in helping so deserving a young man, and one to whom we all feel so much indebted."

"Thank you," said Colin, who at that moment would have felt real pleasure in punching the head, or maltreating the person of the heir of Wodensbourne; "I suppose we have all some pride in one way or another. I am obliged to you, Sir Thomas, but I could not accept such a favor from you; whereas a prize won at my own university," said the young man, with a little elevation, "is no discredit, but,"—

"Discredit!" said Sir Thomas; "you must have a very strange idea of me, Mr. Campbell, if you imagine it discreditable to accept a kindness at my hands."

"I beg your pardon," again said Colin, who was at his wits' end; "I did not mean to say anything uncivil,—but I am Scotch. I dislike receiving favors. I prefer"—

Sir Thomas rubbed his hands. The apology of nationality went a long way with him, and restored his temper. "Yes, yes; I understand," he said, with good-humored superiority: "you prefer conferring favors,—you like to keep the upper hand. I know a great deal of you Scotchmen; I flatter myself I understand your national character. I should like to know now," said the baronet, confidentially, "if you are set upon becoming a Scotch minister, as you once told me, what good it will do you going to Oxford? Supposing you were to distinguish yourself, which I think very possible; supposing you were to take a—a second-class, or even a

first-class, for example, what would be the good? The reputation and the—*the prestige* and that sort of thing would be altogether lost in Scotland. All the upper classes, you know, have gone from the old Kirk, and you would not please the peasants a bit better for being—indeed, the idea of an Oxford first-class man spending his life preaching to a set of peasants is absurd,” said Sir Thomas. “I know more about Scotland than most men: I paid a great deal of attention to that Kirk question. If you go to Oxford I shall expect you to change your mind about your profession. If you don’t take to something more ambitious, at least you’ll go in for the Church.”

“I have always intended so,” said Colin, with his grand air, ignoring the baronet’s meaning. “To preach, if it is only to peasants, is more worth a man’s while than reading prayers forever, like your curate here. I am only Scotch; I know no better,” said Colin. “We want changes in Scotland, it is true; but it is as good to work for Scotland as for England—better for me—and I should not grudge my first-class to the service of my native Church,” said the youth, with a movement of his head which tossed his heavy brown locks from the concealed forehead. Sir Thomas looked at him with a blank amazement, not knowing in the least what he meant. He thought the young fellow had been piqued somehow, most probably by Matty, and was in a heroic mood, which mood Colin’s patron did not pretend to understand.

“Well, well,” he said, with some impatience, “I suppose you will take your own way; but I must say it would seem very odd to see an Oxford first-class man in a queer little kirk in the Highlands, preaching a sermon an hour long. Of course, if you like it, that’s another matter; and the Scotch certainly do seem to like preaching,” said Sir Thomas, with natural wonder; “but we flattered ourselves you were comfortable here. I am sorry you want to go away.”

This was taking Colin on his undefended side. The words brought color to his cheeks and moisture to his eye. “Indeed, I don’t want to go away,” he said, and paused and faltered and grew still more deeply crimson. “I can never forget; I can never think otherwise than with—with gratitude of Wodens-

bourne.” He was going to have said tenderness, but stopped himself in time; and even Sir Thomas, though his eyes were now way anointed with any special chrism of insight, saw the emotion in his face.

“Then don’t go,” said the straightforward baronet; “why should you go if you don’t want to? We are all most anxious that you should stay. Indeed, it would upset my plans dreadfully if you were to leave Charley at present. He’s a wonderful fellow, is Charley. He has twice as much brains as the rest of my boys, sir; and you understand him, Campbell. He is happier, he is stronger, he is even a better fellow,—poor lad, when he’s ill he can’t be blamed for a bit of temper,—since you came. Indeed, now I think it over,” said Sir Thomas, “you will mortify and disappoint me very much if you go away. I quite considered you had accepted Charley’s tutorship for a year at least. My dear, here’s a pretty business,” he said, turning round at the sound of steps and voices, which Colin had already discerned from afar with a feeling that he was now finally vanquished, and could yield with a good grace; “here’s Campbell threatening to go away.”

“To go away!” said Lady Frankland. “Dear me, he can’t mean it. Why, he only came the other day; and Charley, you know,”—said the anxious mother; but she recollected Harry’s objection to the tutor, and did not make any very warm opposition. Colin, however, was totally unconscious of the lukewarmness of the lady of the house. The little scream of dismay with which Miss Matty received the intelligence might have deluded a wiser man than he.

“Going away! I call it downright treachery,” said Miss Matty. “I think it is using you very unkindly, uncle; when he knows you put such dependence on him about Charley, and when we know the house has been quite a different thing since Mr. Campbell came,” said the little witch, with a double meaning, of which Colin, poor boy, swallowed the sweeter sense, without a moment’s hesitation. He knew it was not the improvement in Charley’s temper which had made the house different to Matty; but Lady Frankland, who was not a woman of imagination, took up seriously what seemed to be the obvious meaning of the words.

"It is quite true. I am sure we are much obliged to Mr. Campbell," she said; "Charley is quite an altered boy; and I had hoped you were liking Wodensbourne. If we could do anything to make it more agreeable to you," said Lady Frankland, graciously, remembering how Charley's "temper" was the horror of the house. "I am sure Sir Thomas would not grudge"—

"Pray do not say any more," said Colin, confused and blushing; "no house could be more—no house could be so agreeable to me. You are all very kind. It was only my—my own"—

What he was going to say is beyond the reach of discovery. He was interrupted by a simultaneous utterance from all the three persons present, of which Colin heard only the soft tones of Matty. "He does not mean it," she said; "he only means to alarm us. I shall not say good-by, nor farewell either. You shall have no good wishes if you *think* of going away. False as a Campbell," said the siren under her breath, with a look which overpowered Colin. He never was quite sure what words followed from the elder people; but even Lady Frankland became fervent when she recalled what Charley had been before the advent of the tutor. "What we should do with him now, if Mr. Campbell was to leave and the house full of people, I tremble to think," said the alarmed mother. When Colin returned to the house, it was with a slightly flattered sense of his own value and importance now to the young man,—with a sense, too, that duty had fully acquitted and justified inclination, and that he could not at the present moment leave his post. This delicious unction he laid to his soul while it was still thrilling with the glance and with the words which Matty, in her alarm, had used to prevent her slave's escape. Whatever happened, he could not, he would not, go; better to perish with such a hope than to thrive without it; and, after all, there was no need for perishing, and next year Oxford might still be practicable. So Colin said to himself, as he made his simple toilet for the evening, with a face which was radiant with secret sunshine, "It was only my—my own"—How had he intended to complete that sentence which the Franklands took out of his mouth? Was he going to say interest, advantage, peace? The un-

finished words came to his mind involuntarily when he was alone. They kept flitting in and out, disturbing him with vague touches of uneasiness, asking to be completed. "My own—only my own," Colin said to himself as he went down-stairs. He was saying over the words softly as he came to a landing, upon which there was a great blank staircase-window reaching down to the floor, and darkly filled at this present moment with a gray waste of sky and tumbling clouds, with a wild wind visibly surging through the vacant atmosphere, and conveying almost to the eye in palpable vision an equal demonstration of its presence as it did to the ear.

"My own—only my own. I wonder what you mean: the words sound quite sentimental," said Miss Matty, suddenly appearing at Colin's side, with a light in her hand. The young man was moved strangely; he could not tell why. "I meant my own life, I believe," he said with a sudden impulse, un-awares; "only my own life," and went down the next flight of stairs before the young lady, not knowing what he was about. When he came to himself, and stood back, blushing with hot shame, to let her pass, the words came back in a dreary whirl, as if the wind had taken them up and tossed them at him, out of that wild windowful of night. His life—only his life; was that what he had put in comparison with Charley's temper and Matty's vanity, and given up with enthusiasm? Something chill, like a sudden cold current through his veins, ran to Colin's heart for a moment. Next minute he was in the room, where bright lights, and lively talk, and all the superficial cordiality of prosperity and good-humor filled the atmosphere round him. Whatever the stake had been, the cast was over and the decision made.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Christmas guests began to arrive at Wodensbourne on the same day that Colin concluded this sacrifice; and for some days the tutor had scant measure of that society which had lured him to the relinquishment even of his "life." When the house was full of people, Matty found a thousand occupations in which of necessity Colin had no share,—not to say that the young lady felt it a matter of prudence, after she had accepted his sacrifice, to be as little as possible in his society. It was pleas-

ant enough to feel her power, and to know that for her invaluable smile the boy had bartered his independent career; but to put him in the way of claiming any reward for his offering would have been exceedingly inconvenient to Matty. He paid the full penalty accordingly for at least a week thereafter, and had abundant opportunity of counting the cost and seeing what he had done. It was not exhilarating to spend the mornings with Charley, to answer his sharp questions, to satisfy his acute but superficial mind,—in which curiosity was everything, and thought scarcely existed,—and to feel that for this he had given up all that was individual in his life. He had left his own university; he had given up the chance of going to Oxford; he had separated himself from his companions, and given up his occupations—all for the pleasure of teaching Charley, of standing in a corner of the Wodensbourne drawing-room, and feeling acutely through every fibre of his sensitive Scotch frame that he was the tutor, and stood accordingly in about as much relationship to the society in which he found himself as if he had been a New Zealand chief. Colin, however, had made up his mind, and there was nothing for it now but to consent and accept his fate. But it was astonishing how different things looked from that corner of the drawing-room, unspeakably different from the aspect they bore when Colin himself was the only stranger present, and even different from the state of affairs after Harry came home, when the tutor had been thrown into the shade, and a fever of excitement and jealousy had taken possession of Colin's breast. He was very young, and was not used to society. When Matty addressed to her cousin the same witcheries, which she had expended on her worshipper, the young man was profoundly wretched and jealous beyond description. But when he saw her use the same wiles with others, lavishing freely the smiles which had been so precious to his deluded fancy upon one and another, a painful wonder seized the mind of Colin. To stand in that corner possessed by one object was to be behind the scenes. Colin was mortal; he had made a great sacrifice, and he was glad to have made it; but he could not forget it, nor stand at his ease, accepting the civilities that might be offered him like another. At first he expected the equivalent which he imagined had been pledged to him, and when he found out his mistake in that, he discovered also how impossible it was to refrain from a feeling of injury, a jealous consciousness of inadequate appreciation. He himself knew, if nobody else did, the price at which he had bought those siren smiles, and under these circumstances to stand by and see them bestowed upon others, was an experience which conveyed wonderful insight to Colin's inexperienced eyes. If Miss Matty saw him at all, she saw him in the corner, and gave him a nod and a smile in passing, which she thought quite enough to keep him happy for the time being; for, unluckily, the professors of this art of fascination, both male and female, are apt now and then to deceive themselves in the extent of their own powers. While Matty was so perfectly easy in her mind about the tall figure in the corner, he, for his part, was watching her with feelings which it would be very hard to describe. His very admiration, the sincerity of his love, intensified the smouldering germs of disappointment and disgust of which he became uneasily conscious as he stood and watched. He saw by glimpses "the very heart of the machine" from that unnoticed observatory. He saw how she distributed and divided her bright looks, her playful talk; he perceived how she exerted herself to be more and more charming if any victim proved refractory and was slow to yield. Had Colin been kept more perfectly in hand himself, had she devoted a little more time, a little more pains to him, it is probable that the sweet flattery would have prevailed, and that he might have forgiven her the too great readiness she showed to please others. But, as it was, the glamour died out of Colin's eyes, ray by ray, and bitter in the consciousness of all he had sacrificed, he began to find out how little the reward, even could he have obtained it, was worth the price. The process was slow; but it went on night by night—and night by night, as the disenchantment progressed, Colin became more and more unhappy. It was wretched to see the sweet illusion which had made life so beautiful disappearing under his very eyes and to feel that the enchantment, which had to him been so irresistible, was a conscious and studied art, which could be used just when the possessor pleased, with as much coolness as if it had been the art of embroidery or any other feminine handicraft.

A wise spectator might, and probably would, have said, that to learn this lesson was the best thing possible for Colin; but that did not make it the less cruel, the less bitter. In his corner the young man gradually drew nearer and nearer to the fierce misanthropy of outraged youth, that misanthropy which is as warm a protest against common worldliness as the first enthusiasm. But his heart was not yet released, though his eyes were becoming enlightened,—reason works slowly against love,—and bitter at the bottom of all lay the sense of the sacrifice, which was only his life.

A few days after Christmas, a party of the young men staying at Wodensbourne were bound upon a boating expedition, to decide some bet which bore remotely upon one of the greatest events of the university year,—the great match between Oxford and Cambridge. Harry Frankland, who was an Oxford man, though the spires of Cambridge might almost have been visible from his father's park, had there been any eminence high enough to afford a view, was deeply interested on the side of his own university; and some unfortunate youths, belated at Cambridge during the holidays for want of friends, or money, or some other needful adjunct of festival-keeping, were but too glad to seize the opportunity of a day's pleasure. Colin never knew how it was that he came to be asked to join the party. Though Harry's jealousy was gone, for the moment at least, there was not even a pretence of friendship between the tutor and the heir. Nor could Colin ever explain how it was that he consented to go; for scores of objections naturally presented themselves at the first proposal. He was sensitive, affronted, feeling deeply his false position, and ready to receive with suspicion any overtures of friendliness from any man possessed by a benevolent wish to be kind to the tutor. It was, however, his fate to go, and the preliminaries arranged themselves somehow.

They started on a frosty bright morning, when the trees of the park were still only emerging from mists tinted red by the sunshine, a joyous, rather noisy party; they were to walk to the river, which was about six miles off, and, when their business was decided, to lunch at a favorite haunt of the Cambridge undergraduates. Lady Frankland, who did not much approve of the expe-

dition, gave them many counsels about the way. "I wish you would drive and get back by daylight," she said; "otherwise I know you will be taking *that* path across the fields."

"What path?" said some one present; "if there is one specially objectionable, we will be sure to take it."

"I would not if I were you," said Miss Matty. "There is a nasty canal in the way; if you pass it after it is dark, some of you will certainly fall in. It would be a pity to be drowned in such a slimy, shabby way. Much better have all sorts of dog-carts and things, and drive back in time for a cup of tea."

At which speech there was a general laugh. "Matty would give her soul for a cup of tea," said her cousin. "What a precious fright you'll all be in if we're late for dinner. I ought to know all about the canal by this time. Come along. It's too cold to think of drowning," said Harry Frankland, with a filial nod of leave-taking to his mother. As for Matty, she went to the door with them to see them go off, as did some others of the ladies. Matty lifted her pretty cloak sideways and stretched out her hand into the frosty atmosphere as if to feel for rain.

"I thought I saw some drops," she said; "it would be frightful if it came on to rain now, and spoiled our chances of skating. Good-morning, and, whatever you do, I beg of you don't get drowned in the canal. It would be such a shabby way of making an end of one's self," said Matty. When she looked up, she caught Colin's eye, who was the last to leave the house. She was in the humor to be kind to him at that moment. "Shall I say good-by or farewell?" she said, softly, with that look of special confidence which Colin, notwithstanding his new enlightenment, had no heart to resist.

"You shall say what you please," said Colin, lingering on the step beside her. The young man was in a kind of desperate mood. Perhaps he liked to show his companions that he, too, could have his turn.

"Good-by—farewell," said Matty, "but then that implies shaking hands;" and she gave him her pretty hand with a little laugh, making it appear to the group outside that the clownish tutor had insisted upon that unnecessary ceremony. "But whatever you please to say, I like *au revoir* best," said Miss



Matty; "it does not even suggest parting." And she waved her hand as she turned away. "Till we meet again," said the little enchantress. It might be to him especially, or it might be to all, that she made this little gesture of farewell. Anyhow, Colin followed the others with indescribable sensations. He no longer believed in her; but her presence, her looks, her words, had still mastery over him. He had walked half the way before the fumes of that leave-taking had gone out of his brain, though most part of the time he was keeping up a conversation about things in general with the stupidest of the party, who kept pertinaciously by the tutor's side.

The day went off with considerable satisfaction to all the party, and, as Colin and Frankland did not come much in contact, there was little opportunity for displaying the spirit of opposition and contradiction which existed between them. Fortunately, Colin was not at hand to hear Harry's strictures upon his method of handling the oars, nor did Frankland perceive the smile of contemptuous recollection which came upon the tutor's face as he observed how tenderly the heir of Wodensbourne stepped into the boat, keeping clear of the wet as of old. "That fellow has not a bit of science," said young Frankland; "he expects mere strength to do everything. Look how he holds his oar. It never occurs to him that he is in anything lighter than a Highland fishing-cobble. What on earth, I wonder, made us bring him here?"

"Science goes a great way," said the most skilled oarsman of the party; "but I'd like to have the training of Campbell all the same. He talks of going to Balliol, and I shall write to Cox about him."

"What a chest the fellow has," said the admiring spectators. Meanwhile Colin had not hesitated to explain his smile.

"I smile because I recollect smiling years ago," said Colin. "See how Frankland steps into the boat. When he was a boy he did the same. I remember it, and it amused me; for wet feet were a new idea to me in those days;" and Colin laughed outright, and the eyes of the two met. Neither knew what the other had been saying; but the spectators perceived without more words that the young men were not perfectly safe compan-

ions for each other, and took precautions, with instinctive comprehension of the case.

"These two don't get on," said one of the party, under his breath. "It is hard upon a fellow, you know, to have another fellow stuck at his side who saved his life, and that sort of thing. I shouldn't like it myself. Somebody keep an eye on Frankland—and on the Scotch fellow, too," said the impartial peacemaker. Luckily, neither of the two who were thus put under friendly surveillance was at all aware of the fact, and Colin submitted, with as good a grace as possible, to the constant companionship of the stupidest and best-humored of the party, who had already bestowed his attentions and society upon the tutor. This state of things, however, did not endure after the lunch, at which it was not possible for Colin to remain a merely humble spectator and sharer of the young men's entertainment. He had not been broken in to such duty; and, excited by exercise and the freedom round him, Colin could no more help talking than he could help the subsequent discovery made by his companions that "the Scotch fellow" was very good company. The young men spent—as was to be expected—a much longer time over their lunch than was at all necessary; and the short winter day was just over when they set out on their way home through the evening mists, which soon deepened into darkness, very faintly lighted by a few doubtful stars. Everybody declared, it is true, that there was to be a moon; indeed, it was with the distinct understanding that there was to be a moon that the party had started walking from Wodensbourne. But the moon showed herself lamentably indifferent to the arrangements which depended on her. She gave not the least sign of appearing anywhere in that vast, windy vault of sky, which indeed had a little light in itself, but could spare scarcely any to show the wayfarers where they were going through the dreary wintry road and between the rustling leafless hedges. When they got into the fields, matters grew rather worse. It was hard to keep the path, harder still to find the stiles and steer through gaps and ditches. The high-road made a round which would lead them three or four miles out of their way, and Frankland insisted upon his own perfect knowledge of the by-way by which they could reach Wodensbourne in an hour.

"Mind the canal we were warned of this morning," suggested one of the party, as they paused in the dark at the corner of a black field to decide which way they should go. "Oh, confound the canal; as if I didn't know every step of the way;" said young Frankland. "It's a settled principle in the female mind that one is bent upon walking into canals whenever one has an opportunity. Come along; if you're afraid, perhaps Campbell will show you the other way."

"Certainly," said Colin, without the least hesitation. "I have no wish to walk into the canal, for my part;" upon which there was a universal protest against parting company. "Come along," said one, who thrust his arm through Colin's as he spoke, but who was no longer the stupid member of the party, "we'll all take our chance together;" but he kept the tutor as far as possible from the line of Wodensbourne. "Frankland and you don't seem to get on," said Colin's companion; "yet he's a very nice fellow when you come to know him. I suppose you must have had some misunderstanding, eh? Wasn't it you who saved his life?"

"I never saved any one's life," said Colin, a little sharply; "and we get on well enough—as well as is necessary. We have no call to see much of each other." After this they all went on through the dark as well as they could, getting into difficulties now and then, sometimes collecting together in a bewildered group at a stile or turning, and afterward streaming on in single file—a succession of black figures which it was impossible to identify except by the voices. Certainly they made noise enough. What with shouts from the beginning to the end of the file, what with bursts of song which came occasionally from one or another or even taken up in uproarious chorus, the profound stillness which enveloped and surrounded them was compelled to own their human presence to the ear at least. In the natural course of their progress, Colin and his immediate companion had got nearly to the front, when the laughter and noise was suddenly interrupted. "I don't quite see where we are going," said Harry. "Stop a bit; I shouldn't mind going on myself, but I don't want to risk you fellows who are frightened for canals. Look here; the road ought to have gone on at this corner, but here's nothing but a hedge. Keep where you are till I look out. There's

a light over there, but I can't tell what's between.

"Perhaps it's the canal," said some one behind.

"Oh, yes, of course it's the canal," said Frankland, with irritation. "You stand back till I try; if I fall in, it's my own fault, which will be a consolation to my friends," cried the angry guide. He started forward impatiently, not, however, without being closely followed by two or three, among whom was Colin.

"Don't be foolish, Frankland," said one voice in the darkness; "let us all go together—let us be cautious. I feel something like gravel under my feet. Steady, steady; feel with your foot before you put it down. Oh! good heavens, what is it?" The voice broke off abruptly; a loud splash and a cry ensued, and the young men behind saw the figures in advance of them suddenly drop and disappear. It was the canal, upon which they had been making unawares. Two out of the four had only stumbled on the bank, and rose up again immediately; and as those behind, afraid to press forward, not knowing what to do, stood appalled, another and another figure scrambled up with difficulty, calling for help out of the water, into which they had not, however plunged deeply enough to peril their lives. Then there was a terrible momentary pause.

"Are we all here?" said Colin. His voice sounded like a funeral bell pealing through the darkness. He knew they were not all there. He, with his keen eyes, rendered keener by opposition and enmity, had seen beyond mistake that the first of all went down and had not risen again. The consciousness made his voice tragic as it ran through the darkness. Somebody shouted, "Yes, yes, thank God!" in reply. It was only a second, but years of life rolled up upon Colin in that moment of time,—years of most troublous existence behind; years of fair life before. Should he let him die? It was not his fault; nobody could blame him. And what right had he to risk his life a second time for Harry Frankland? All that a murderer, all that a martyr could feel rushed through Colin's mind in that instant of horrible indecision. Then somebody said, "Frankland, Frankland! where is Frankland?" That voice was the touch of fate. With a strange shout, of which he was unconscious, Colin

plunged into the black invisible stream. By this time the others of the party saw with unspeakable relief lights approaching, and heard through the darkness voices of men coming to their assistance. They were close by one of the locks of the canal; and it was the keeper of it, not unused to such accidents, who came hurrying to give what help was possible. His lantern and some torches which the anxious young men managed to light, threw a wild illumination over the muddy, motionless stream, in which two of their number, lately as gay and light-hearted as any, were now struggling for their life. The same light flared horribly over the two motionless figures, which, after an interval which seemed like years to the bystanders, were at

length brought out of the blackness; one of them still retaining strength and consciousness to drag the other with him up the stony margin before his senses failed. They lay silent both, with pallid faces, upon the hard path; one as like death as the other, with a kind of stony, ghostly resemblance in their white insensibility, except that there was blood on the lips of one, who must have struck, the lockman said, upon some part of the lock. They were carried into the cottage, and hurried messengers sent to the nearest doctor and to Wodensbourne. Meanwhile the two lay together, pallid and motionless, nobody knowing which was living and which dead.

THE EGG A MINIATURE UNIVERSE.—The following remarkable passage occurs in Prof. Agassiz's "Methods of Study in Natural History:—" "One can hardly conceive the beauty of the egg as seen through the microscope at this period of its growth, when the whole yolk is divided, with the dark granules on one side; while the other side, where the transparent halo of the vesicle is seen, is brilliant with light. With the growth of the egg, these granules enlarge, become more distinct, and under the microscope some of them appear to be hollow. They are not round in form, but rather irregular, and under the effect of light, they are exceedingly brilliant. Presently, instead of being scattered equally over the space they occupy, they form clusters,—constellations, as it were,—and between these clusters are clear spaces, produced by the separation of the albumen from the oil. At this period of its growth there is a wonderful resemblance between the appearance of the egg, as seen under the microscope, and the firmament with the celestial bodies. The little clusters or constellations are equally divided. Here and there they are two and two like double stars, or sometimes in threes, or fives, or in sevens, recalling the Pleiades; and the clear albuminous tracts between are like the empty spaces separating the stars. This is simply true that such is the actual appearance of the yolk at this time; and the idea cannot but suggest itself to the mind,

that the thoughts which have been embodied in the universe are recalled here within the little egg, presenting a miniature diagram of the firmament. This is one of the first changes of the yolk, ending by forming regular clusters, with a sort of network of albumen between, and then this phase of the growth is complete.

MANY who have visited Paris will remember to have seen what was called the tomb of Voltaire, in the crypts of the Pantheon. From the *Notes & Queries* we learn that a discovery has recently been made that the remains of that celebrated man are not there. "The tomb is empty, and nothing is known as to what has become of its contents." One French paper publishes a story that these remains were secretly conveyed away one night, and were pitched into a pit, and ignominiously trampled upon by some persons who believed they fulfilled a sacred duty "as Royalists and Christians;" while others, quoting the refusal of the Archbishop of Paris to allow Voltaire Christian burial, doubt if his remains were ever deposited in the Pantheon.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

[The following analysis of the genius of our lamented Hawthorne is taken from a volume entitled "Mental Portraits," by Henry T. Tuckerman, published in London by Richard Bentley in 1853. It originally appeared in an American periodical; and is to be included, in an enlarged form, in the forthcoming new series of the author's "Biographical Essays." What renders this tribute of special interest now, when the recent death of Hawthorne leads so many to ponder his genius with tender admiration, is that, when it appeared, the "Scarlet Letter" and "House of the Seven Gables" had just opened the way to that success which crowned so late its author's toil. As one of the early indications of new and extended sympathy, Hawthorne was so gratified by it as to thus express himself in a letter, to which we have had access, dated at Lenox, Mass., June 20th, 1851:—

"I have received the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and have read your beautiful article on my, I fear, unworthy self. It gave me, I must confess, the pleasantest sensation I have ever experienced, from any cause connected with literature; not so much for the sake of the praise as because I felt that you saw into my books and understood what I meant. I cannot thank you enough for it."—*Ed. Living Age.*]

I PASSED an hour lately in examining various substances through a powerful microscope, with a man of science at my elbow, to expound their use and relations. It was astonishing what revelations of wonder and beauty in common things were thus attained in a brief period. The eye aptly directed, the attention wisely given, and the minute in nature enlarged and unfolded to the vision, a new sense of life and its marvels seemed created. What appeared but a slightly rough surface proved variegated iris-hued crystals; a dot on a leaf became a moth's nest with its symmetrical eggs and their hairy pent-house: the cold passive oyster displayed heart and lungs in vital activity: the unfolding wings grew visible upon the seed-vessels of the ferns; beetles looked like gorgeously emblazoned shields; and the internal economy of the nauseous cockroach, in its high and delicate organism, showed a remarkable affinity between insect and animal life.

What<sup>4</sup> the scientific use of lenses—the telescope and the microscope—does for us in

relation to the external universe, the psychological writer achieves in regard to our own nature. He reveals its wonder and beauty, unfolds its complex laws, and makes us suddenly aware of the mysteries within and around individual life. In the guise of attractive fiction and sometimes of the most airy sketches, Hawthorne thus deals with his reader. His appeal is to consciousness, and he must, therefore, be met in a sympathetic relation; he shadows forth, hints, makes signs, whispers, muses aloud, gives the key-note of a melody, puts us on a track; in a word, addresses us as nature does—that is, unostentatiously, and with a significance not to be realized without reverent silence and gentle feeling; a sequestration from bustle and material care, and somewhat of the meditative insight and latent sensibility in which his themes are conceived and wrought out.

Sometimes they are purely descriptive bits of Flemish painting, so exact and arrayed in such mellow colors, that we unconsciously take them in as objects of sensitive rather than imaginative observation; the "Old Manse" and the "Custom-house"—those quaint portals to his fairy-land, as peculiar and rich in contrast in their way as Boccaccio's sombre introduction to his gay stories—are memorable instances of this fidelity in the details of local and personal portraiture; and that chaste yet deep tone of coloring which secures an harmonious whole.

Even in allegory, Hawthorne imparts this sympathetic unity to his conception; "Fire Worship," "The Celestial Railroad," "Monsieur du Miroir," "Earth's Holocaust," and others in the same vein, while they emphatically indicate great moral truth, have none of the abstract and cold grace of allegorical writing; besides the ingenuity they exhibit, and the charm they have for the fancy, a human interest warms and gives them meaning to the heart. On the other hand, the imaginative grace which they chiefly display lends itself quite as aptly to redeem and glorify homely fact in the plastic hands of the author. "Drowne's Wooden Image," "The Intelligence Office," and other tales derived from commonplace material, are thus moulded into artistic beauty and suggestiveness.

Hawthorne is a prose poet. He brings to-

gether scattered beauties, evokes truth from apparent confusion, and embodies the tragic or humorous element of a tradition or an event in lyric music,—not, indeed, to be sung by the lips, but to live, like melodious echoes, in the memory. We are constantly struck with the felicity of his invention. What happy ideas are embodied in "A Virtuoso's Collection," and "The Artist of the Beautiful"—independent of the grace of their execution! There is a certain uniformity in Hawthorne's style and manner, but a remarkable versatility in his subjects; and each as distinctly carries with it the monotone of a special feeling or fancy as one of Miss Baillie's plays:—and this is the perfection of psychological art.

There are two distinct kinds of fiction, or narrative literature, which for want of more apt terms, we may call the melodramatic and the meditative; the former is in a great degree mechanical, and deals chiefly with incidents and adventure; a few types of character, an approved scenic material, and what are called effective situations, make up the story; the other species, or the contrary, is modelled upon no external pattern, but seems evolved from the author's mind, and tinged with his idiosyncrasy; the circumstances related are often of secondary interest, while the sentiment they unfold, the picturesque or poetic light in which they are placed, throw an enchantment over them. We feel the glow of individual consciousness even in the most technical description; we recognize a significance beyond the apparent in each character; and the effect of the whole is that of life rather than history: we inhale an atmosphere as well as gaze upon a landscape; the picture offered to the mental vision has not outline and grouping, but color and expression, evincing an intimate and sympathetic relation between the moral experience of the author and his work, so that, as we read, not only scenes but sensations, not only fancies but experience, seem borne in from the entrancing page.

There is a charm also essential to all works of genius which for want of a more definite term we are content to call the ineffable. It is a quality that seems to be infused through the design of the artist after its mechanical finish,—as life entered the statue at the prayer of the Grecian sculptor. It is a secret, indescribable grace, a vital principle, a superhu-

man element imparting the distinctive and magnetic character to literature, art, and society, which gives them individual life; it is what the soul is to the body, luminous vapor to the landscape, wind to sound, and light to color.

No analysis explains the phenomenon; it is recognized by consciousness rather than through direct intellectual perception; and seems to appeal to a union of sensibility and insight which belongs, in the highest degree, only to appreciative minds. Its mysterious, endearing, and conservative influence hallows all works universally acknowledged as those of genius in the absolute significance of the word; and it gives to inanimate forms, the written page, the composer's harmony, and the lyric or dramatic personation, a certain pervading interest which we instantly feel disarming criticism and attesting the presence of what is allied to our deepest instincts. It touches the heart with tender awe before a Madonna of Raphael; it thrilled the nerves and evoked the passions in the elocution of Kean; it lives in the expression of the Apollo, in the characters of Shakspeare, and the atmospheres of Claude; and those once initiated by experience know spontaneously the invisible line of demarcation which separates talent, skill, and knowledge from genius by the affinity of impression-invariably produced,—a distinction as clearly felt and as difficult to portray as that between the emotions of friendship and love. It would appear as if there were a provision in the minds of the highly-gifted similar to that of Nature in her latent resources, whereby they keep in reserve a world of passion, sentiment, and ideas, unhackneyed by casual use and unprofaned by reckless display—which is secretly lavished upon their mental emanations:—hence their moral life, intense personality, and sympathetic charm.

Such a process and result is obviously independent of will and intelligence; what they achieve is thus crowned with light and endowed with vitality by a grace above their sphere; the ineffable, then, is a primary distinction and absolute token of genius, like the halo that marks a saintly head. Results like these are only derived from the union of keen observation with moral sensibility; they blend like form and color, perspective and outline, tone and composition in art. They differ from merely clever stories in what



may be called *flavor*. There is a peculiar zest about them which proves a vital origin; and this is the distinction of Hawthorne's tales. They almost invariably possess the reality of tone which perpetuates imaginative literature,—the same that endears to all time De Foe, Bunyan, Goldsmith, and the old dramatists. We find in pictorial art that the conservative principle is either absolute fidelity to detail as in the Flemish, or earnest moral beauty as in the Italian, school; the painters who yet live in human estimation were thoroughly loyal either to the real or the ideal, to perception or to feeling, to the eye or the heart. And, in literature, the same thing is evident. "Robinson Crusoe" is objectively, and "Pilgrim's Progress" spiritually, true to nature; the "Vicar of Wakefield" emanated from a mind overflowing with humanity; and it is the genuine reproduction of passion in the old English plays that makes them still awaken echoes in the soul.

It may be regarded as a proof of absolute genius to create a mood; to inform, amuse, or even interest is only the test of superficial powers sagaciously directed; but to infuse a new state of feeling, to change the frame of mind, and, as it were, alter the consciousness,—this is the triumph of all art. It is that mysterious influence which beauty, wit, character, nature, and peculiar scenes and objects exert, which we call fascination, a charm, an inspiration, or a glamour, according as it is good or evil. It may safely be asserted that by virtue of his individuality every author and artist of genius creates a peculiar mood, differing somewhat according to the character of the recipient, yet essentially the same. If we were obliged to designate that of Hawthorne in a single word, we should call it metaphysical, or perhaps soulful. He always takes us below the surface and beyond the material; his most inartificial stories are eminently suggestive; he makes us breathe the air of contemplation and turns our eyes inward. It is as if we went forth, in a dream, into the stillness of an autumnal wood, or stood alone in a vast gallery of old pictures, or moved slowly, with muffled tread, over a wide plain, amid a gentle fall of snow, or mused on a ship's deck, at sea, by moonlight; the appeal is to the retrospective, the introspective to what is thoughtful and profoundly conscious in our nature, and whereby it

communes with the mysteries of life and occult intimations of nature.

And yet there is no painful extravagance, no transcendental vagaries in Hawthorne; his imagination is as human as his heart; if he touches the horizon of the infinite, it is with reverence: if he deals with the anomalies of sentiment, it is with intelligence and tenderness. His utterance, too, is singularly clear and simple; his style only rises above the colloquial in the sustained order of its flow; the terms are natural, and fitly chosen. Indeed, a careless reader is liable continually to lose sight of his meaning and beauty, from the entire absence of pretension in his style. It is requisite to bear in mind the universal truth,—that all great and true things are remarkable for simplicity; the direct method is the pledge of sincerity, avoidance of the conventional, an instinct of richly-endowed minds; and the perfection of art never dazzles or overpowers, but gradually wins and warms us to an enduring and noble love. The style of Hawthorne is wholly unevasive; he resorts to no tricks of rhetoric or verbal ingenuity; language is to him a crystal medium through which to let us see the play of his humor, the glow of his sympathy, and the truth of his observation.

Although he seldom transcends the limited sphere in which he so efficiently concentrates his genius, the variety of tone, like different airs on the same instrument, gives him an imaginative scope rarely obtained in elaborate narrative. Thus he deals with the tragic element, wisely and with vivid originality, in such pieces as "Roger Malvern's Burial" and "Young Goodman Browne;" with the comic in "Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe," "A Select Party," and Dr. Heidegger's Experiment," and with the purely fanciful in "David Swan," "The Vision of the Fountain," and "Fancy's Show Box." Nor is he less remarkable for sympathetic observation of nature than for profound interest in humanity; witness such limning as the sketches entitled "Buds and Bird Voices," and "Snow-Flakes."—genuine descriptive poems; though not cast in the mould of verse, as graphic, true, and feeling as the happiest scenes of Bryant or Crabbe. With equal tact and tenderness he approaches the dry record of the past, imparting life to its cold details, and reality to its abstract forms.

The early history of New England has found no such genial and vivid illustrations as his pages afford. Thus, at all points, his genius touches the interests of human life, now overflowing with a love of external nature, as gentle as that of Thomson, now intent upon the quaint or characteristic in life with a humor as zestful as that of Lamb, now developing the horrible or pathetic with something of Webster's dramatic terror, and again buoyant with a fantasy as ærial as Shelley's conceptions. And, in each instance, the staple of charming invention is adorned with the purest graces of style. This is Hawthorne's distinction. We have writers who possess in an eminent degree each of these two great requisites of literary success, but no one who more impressively unites them; cheerfulfulness, as if caught from the sea-breeze or the green fields, solemnity, as if imbibed from the twilight, like colors on a palette, seem transferable at his will, to any legend or locality he chooses for a framework whereon to rear his artistic creation; and this he does with 'so dainty a touch and so fine a disposition of light and shade, that the result is like an immortal cabinet picture,—the epitome of a phase of art, and the miniature reflection of a glorious mind.

Boccaccio in Italy, Marmontel in France, Hoffman and others in Germany, and Andersen in Denmark, have made the tale or brief story classical in their several countries; and Hawthorne has achieved the same triumph in America. He has performed for New England life and manners the same high and sweet service which Wilson has for Scotland,—caught and permanently embodied their "lights and shadows."

Brevity is as truly the soul of romance as of wit; the light that warms is always concentrated; and expression and finish, in literature as in painting, are not dependent upon space. Accordingly, the choicest gems of writing are often the most terse; and as a perfect lyric or sonnet outweighs in value a mediocre epic or tragedy, so a carefully worked and a richly conceived sketch, tale, or essay is worth scores of diffuse novels and ponderous treatises. It is a characteristic of standard literature, both ancient and modern, thus to condense the elements of thought and style. Like the compact and well-knit frame, vivacity, efficiency, and grace result from

thus bringing the rays of fancy and reflection to a focus. It gives us the essence, the flower, the vital spirit of mental enterprise; it is a wise economy of resources, and often secures permanent renown by distinctness of impression unattained in efforts of great range. We, therefore, deem one of Hawthorne's great merits a sententious habit, a concentrated style. He makes each picture complete and does not waste an inch of canvas. Indeed, the unambitious length of his tales is apt to blind careless readers to their artistic unity and suggestiveness; he abjures quantity, while he refines upon quality.

A rare and most attractive quality of Hawthorne, as we have already suggested, is the artistic use of familiar materials. The imagination is a wayward faculty, and writers largely endowed with it, have acknowledged that they could expatiate with confidence only upon themes hallowed by distance. It seems to us less marvellous that Shakspeare peopled a newly-discovered and half-traditional island with such new types of character as Ariel and Caliban; we can easily reconcile ourselves to the enchanting impossibilities of Arabian fiction; and the superstitious fantasies of northern romance have a dreamlike reality to the natives of the temperate zone. To clothe a familiar scene with ideal interest, and exalt things to which our senses are daily accustomed into the region of imaginative beauty and genuine sentiment, requires an extraordinary power of abstraction and concentrative thought.

Authors in the Old World have the benefit of antiquated memorials which give to the modern cities a mysterious though often disregarded charm; and the very names of Notre Dame, the Rialto, London Bridge, and other time-hallowed localities, take the reader's fancy captive, and prepare him to accede to any grotesque or thrilling narrative that may be associated with them. It is otherwise in a new and entirely practical country; the immediate encroaches too steadily on our attention; we can scarcely obtain a perspective:—

"Life treads on life and heart on heart—  
We press too close in church and mart,  
To keep a dream or grave apart."

Yet with a calm gaze, a serenity and fixedness of musing that no outward bustle can disturb and no power of custom render hackneyed, Hawthorne takes his stand,—like a

foreign artist in one of the old Italian cities, before a relic of the past or a picturesque glimpse of nature, and loses all consciousness of himself and the present, in transferring its features and atmosphere to canvas. In our view, the most remarkable trait in his writings is this harmonious blending of the common and familiar in the outward world with the mellow and vivid tints of his own imagination. It is with difficulty that his maturity of conception and his finish and geniality of style link themselves in our minds, with the streets of Boston and Salem, the Province House, and even the White Mountains; and we congratulate every New Englander with a particle of romance, that, in his native literature, "a local habitation and a name" has thus been given to historical incidents and localities; that art has enshrined what of tradition hangs over her brief career; as characteristic and as desirable thus to consecrate, as any legend or spot, German or Scottish genius has redeemed from oblivion.

The "Wedding Knell," the "Gentle Boy," the "White Old Maid," the "Ambitious Guest," the "Shaker Bridal," and other New England subjects, as embodied and glorified by the truthful, yet imaginative and graceful, pen of Hawthorne, adequately represent in literature native traits; and this will insure their ultimate appreciation. But the most elaborate effort of this kind, and the only one, in fact, which seems to have introduced Hawthorne to the whole range of American readers, is "The Scarlet Letter." With all the care in point of style and authenticity which marks his lighter sketches, this genuine and unique romance may be considered as an artistic exposition of Puritanism as modified by New England colonial life. In truth to costume, local manners, and scenic features, the "Scarlet Letter" is as reliable as the best of Scott's novels; in the anatomy of human passion and consciousness it resembles the most effective of Balzac's illustrations of Parisian or provincial life, while in developing bravely and justly the sentiment of the life it depicts, it is as true to humanity as Dickens.

Beneath its picturesque details and intense characterization, there lurks a profound satire. The want of soul, the absence of sweet humanity, the predominance of judgment over mercy, the tyranny of public opinion,

the look of genuine charity, the asceticism of the Puritan theology, the absence of all recognition of natural laws, and the fanatic substitution of the letter for the spirit, which darken and harden the spirit of the pilgrims to the soul of a poet are shadowed forth with a keen, stern, and eloquent, yet indirect, emphasis that haunts us like "the cry of the human." Herein is evident and palpable the latent power which we have described as the most remarkable trait of Hawthorne's genius; the impression grows more significant as we dwell upon the story; the states of mind of the poor clergymen, Hester Chillingworth, and Pearl, being, as it were, transferred to our bosoms through the sympathies their vivid delineation excites; they seem to conflict and glow and deepen and blend in our hearts, and finally work out a great moral problem. It is as if we were baptized into the consciousness of Puritan life, of New England character in its elemental state; and knew, by experience, all its frigidity, its gloom, its intellectual enthusiasm, and its religious aspiration.

"The House of the Seven Gables" is a more elaborate and harmonious realization of these characteristics. The scenery, tone, and personages of the story are imbued with a local authenticity which is not, for an instant, impaired by the imaginative charm of romance. We seem to breathe, as we read, the air, and be surrounded by the familiar objects, of a New England town. The interior of the House, each article described within it,—from the quaint table to the miniature by Malbone,—every product of the old garden, the street-scenes that beguile the eyes of poor Clifford, as he looks out of the arched window, the noble elm and the gingerbread figures at the little shop-window,—all have the significance that belong to reality when seized upon by art. In these details we have the truth, simplicity, and exact imitation of the Flemish painters. So life-like in the minutiae and so picturesque in general effect are these sketches of still-life, that they are daggerreotyped in the reader's mind, and form a distinct and changeless background, the light and shade of which give admirable effect to the action of the story; occasional touches of humor, introduced with exquisite tact, relieve the grave undertone of the narrative, and form vivacious and quaint images which might readily be transferred to

canvas—so effectively are they drawn in words; take, for instance, the street-musician and the Pyncheon fowls, the Judge balked of his kiss over the counter, Phoebe reading to Clifford in the garden, or the old maid in her lonely chamber, gazing on the sweet lineaments of her unfortunate brother.

Nor is Hawthorne less successful in those pictures that are drawn exclusively for the mind's eye, and are obvious to sensation rather than the actual vision. Were a New England Sunday, breakfast, old mansion, easterly storm, or the morning after it clears, ever so well described? The skill in atmosphere we have noted in his lighter sketches is also as apparent: around and within the principal scene of this romance, there hovers an alternating melancholy and brightness which is born of genuine moral life; no contrasts can be imagined of this kind, more eloquent to a sympathetic mind than that between the inward consciousness and external appearance of Hepzibah, or Phoebe and Clifford, or the Judge. They respectively symbolize the poles of human existence, and are fine studies for the psychologist. Yet this attraction is subservient to fidelity to local characteristics. Clifford represents, though in its most tragic imaginable phase, the man of fine organization and true sentiment environed by the material realities of New England life; his plausible uncle is the type of New England selfishness, glorified by respectable conformity and wealth; Phoebe is the ideal of genuine, efficient, yet loving female character in the same latitude; Uncle Vener we regard as one of the most fresh yet familiar portraits in the book; all denizens of our eastern provincial towns must have known such a philosopher; and Holdgrave embodies Yankee acuteness and hardihood redeemed by integrity and enthusiasm. The contact of these most judiciously selected and highly characteristic elements brings out, not only many beautiful revelations of nature, but elucidates interesting truth; magnetism and socialism are admirably introduced; family tyranny in its most revolting form is powerfully exemplified; the distinction between a mental and a heartfelt interest in another, clearly unfolded; and the tenacious and hereditary nature of moral evil, impressively shadowed forth. The natural refinements of the human heart, the holiness of a ministry of disinterested affection, the

gracefulness of the homeliest services when irradiated by cheerfulness and benevolence, are illustrated with singular beauty. "He," says our author, speaking of Clifford, "had no right to be a martyr; and, beholding him so fit to be happy, and so feeble for all other purposes, a generous, strong, and noble spirit would, methinks, have been ready to sacrifice what little enjoyment it might have planned for itself,—*it would have flung down the hopes so paltry in its regard—if thereby the wintry blasts of our rude sphere might come tempered to such a man:*" and elsewhere: "Phoebe's presence made a home about her,—that very sphere which the outcast, the prisoner, the potentate, the wretch beneath mankind, the wretch aside from it, or the wretch above it, instinctively pines after,—a home. She was real! Holding her hand, you felt something; a tender something; a substance and a warm one; *and so long as you could feel its grasp, soft as it was, you might be certain that your place was good in the whole sympathetic chain of human nature.* The world was no longer a delusion."

Thus narrowly, yet with reverence, does Hawthorne analyze the delicate traits of human sentiment and character; and opens vistas into that beautiful and unexplored world of love and thought that exists in every human being, though overshadowed by material circumstance and technical duty. This, as we have before said, is his great service; digressing every now and then, from the main drift of his story, he takes evident delight in expatiating on phases of character and general traits of life, or in bringing into strong relief the more latent facts of consciousness. Perhaps the union of the philosophic tendency with the poetic instinct is the great charm of his genius. It is common for American critics to estimate the interest of all writings by their comparative glow, vivacity, and rapidity of action: somewhat of the restless temperament and enterprising life of the nation infects its taste: such terms as "quiet," "gentle," and "tasteful," are equivocal, when applied in this country to a book; and yet they may envelop the rarest energy of thought and depth of insight as well as earnestness of feeling: these qualities, in reflective minds, are too real to find melodramatic development; they move as calmly as summer waves, or glow as noiselessly as the firmament; but not the less

grand and mighty is their essence ; to realize it, the spirit of contemplation, and the recipient mood of sympathy must be evoked ; for it is not external but moral excitement that is proposed ; and we deem one of Hawthorne's most felicitous merits, that of so patiently educing artistic beauty and moral interest from life and nature, without the least sacrifice of intellectual dignity.

The healthy spring of life is typified in Phoebe so freshly as to magnetize the feelings as well as engage the perceptions of the reader ; its intellectual phase finds expression in Holgrave, while the state of Clifford, when relieved of the nightmare that oppressed his sensitive temperament, the author justly compares to an Indian summer of the soul. Across the path of these beings of genuine flesh and blood, who constantly appeal to our most humane sympathies, or rather around their consciousness and history, flits the pale, mystic figure of Alice, whose invisible music and legendary fate overflow with a graceful and attractive superstition, yielding an Ariel-like melody to the more solemn and cheery strains of the whole composition. Among the apt though incidental touches of the picture, the idea of making the music-grinder's monkey an epitome of avarice, the daguerreotype a test of latent character, and the love of the reformer Holgrave for the genially practical Phoebe win him to conservatism, strike us as remarkably natural, yet

quite as ingenious and charming as philosophical. We may add that the same pure, even, unexaggerated and perspicuous style of diction that we have recognized in his previous writing is maintained in this.

As earth and sky appear to blend at the horizon, though we cannot define the point of contact, things seen and unseen, the actual and the spiritual, mind and matter, what is within and what is without our consciousness, have a line of union, and, like the color of the iris, are lost in each other. About this equator of life the genius of Hawthorne delights to hover as its appropriate sphere ; whether indulging a vein of Spenserian allegory, Hogarth sketching, Goldsmith domesticity, or Godwin metaphysics, it is around the boundary of the possible that he most freely expatiates ; the realities and the mysteries of life to his vision are scarcely ever apart ; they act and react so as to yield dramatic hints or vistas of sentiment. Time broods with touching solemnity over his imagination ; the function of conscience awes while it occupies his mind ; the delicate and the profound in love, and the awful beauty of death transfuse his meditation ; and these supernal he loves to link with terrestrial influences, to hallow a graphic description by a sacred association, or to brighten a commonplace occasion with the scintillations of humor—thus vivifying or chastening the "light of common day."

As the season for out-of-door exercise approached, a sprightly writer in the *London Society* describes the freedom of Parisian promenades as contrasted with those of England, and refers particularly to one "radical difference between the rides, drives, and promenades of London and of Paris. Here, true British Brahmins that we are, we preserve our caste even out of doors ; there, both the world and the people choose the same spots for air and recreation. Here, the upper classes keep aloof from the middle classes, and the middle classes from the humble ; there, marquis, millionaire, merchant, shopkeeper, and currier mingle as naturally, and sometimes as agreeably, as the ingredients of a salad. Socially and personally, every Englishman is a human island ; every Frenchman is

only a portion of continent." The writer, referring to scenes often witnessed in French public squares and gardens, says, "Nowhere can be found a pleasanter picture than a family group of that lively people so erroneously suffered to hold domestic ties in disregard."

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* gives an account of a lecture recently delivered in England, to a numerous and attentive audience, composed of clergy and gentry, on Campanology, or the science of bell-ringing, deploring the utter want of knowledge and skill with which church bells are rung, and demonstrating that "a great field of science and amusement has here been unexplored."



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# THE STATE VAULT OF CHRIST CHURCH.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE cathedral of Christ Church in Dublin is probably nearly the ugliest specimen of Gothic architecture in existence. The impressions, gorgeous or sublime, which I have enjoyed under the arches of Cologne or Winchester,

"Of loveliest Milan, or the Sepulchre,  
So dark and solemn, where the Christ was laid," were utterly wanting in this mouldering old pile,—huge, shapeless, and desolate. Part of the building claims to be coeval with the Danish sea-kings of Dublin, but of architectural beauty or merit of any kind there is entire dearth. Sordid whitewash, damp-stained and dust-begrimed, covers the walls; and blank, dank, dark, and cold spreads the forlorn and useless nave, where the shattered statue of Strongbow lies on his altar-tomb,—a desolate conqueror, forgotten and alone.

Into this disheartening place some researches of a genealogical kind guided my steps a few years ago. It was my desire to discover whether a certain Archbishop of Dublin, dead a century since, had been buried in the cathedral, and, in such case, what record of the event could be discovered.

The well-disposed sacristan aided me to the best of his abilities to examine all the monuments through the building,—monuments whose paucity made the task a tiring one,—and then announced to me he could help me no more. There was but one chance remaining. The prelate might have been deposited in the state vault under the chancel, without any tomb or tablet having been erected to his memory above-ground. His coffin might, possibly, be discovered; but then, of course, I could not (so thought the sacristan) undertake the disagreeable task of descending into this vault and examining the various coffin-plates to find the one I desired. It did not seem so clear to me that this was impossible. The search was one I was anxious to accomplish satisfactorily; and it needed, apparently, only a little strain upon the nerves to do so. I asked the man whether he would accompany me to the vault; and, as he consented, after a little hesitation, we were soon in the crypts of the cathedral, prepared with candles for our gloomy task.

If the upper part of the building was desolate, these crypts beneath it were a thou-

sand times more so. The low arches rising out of the earthen floor extended in all directions in long dark vaults, down which our lights, of course, penetrated but a little way, leaving the gloom beyond unexplored. Above there had been the roar of the streets and the glare of the summer sun. Here the darkness and stillness were so absolute that the sacristan's little son, who had followed us thus far, exclaimed, in a suppressed voice of awe,—

"How silent it is here!"

"Ay, my boy," said his father, "this is the place of silence. Those we are going to visit are the silent indeed."

The child looked wistfully at the man, and stole back to the sunshine, and we passed on without him to a low door in an archway, which the sacristan opened with ponderous keys,—a mockery, it seemed to me, of the peaceful prisoners within.

Of the size of that chamber of death I cannot speak. It did not seem very large, and the stone roof bent down low overhead; but it was full, quite full. All around the walls double and treble tiers of coffins were piled up to the height of several feet,—lengthways, crossways, upright; and in the centre space stood several large coffins, on tressels, evidently of more recent date than the rest. One of those nearest the outer door was of handsome crimson velvet, and in the darkness I had rested against it to regain a little of the composure which the first sight of the vault had disturbed.

"That is the coffin of poor Archbishop L——," said the sacristan.

I started; for the good old man had once been near me in *life*, when, as a child, I had been at sea on a stormy night, and had stolen up on deck above. He had made me sit beside him and share his warm cloak, and I had afterwards learned to connect his name with that kindly shelter given to an unknown child. Now he was beside me again—poor old man!—but had no warmth to offer more.

The single candle borne by my guide glimmered feebly in the thick air of the vault, and it was some time before we could estimate where there was any probability of finding a coffin of the age of the one we sought. There were some, as I have said, quite recent, and others evidently of great age. The oak-lids had been broken or were removed, and within lay something, vaguely defined, one did not dare to look at too closely. Others,

again, might have belonged to the last century; and among these the sacristan commenced his search. I confess I did not watch his search with any great interest. The object which had brought me there, and many other things beside, seemed too small to be regarded in that place, where the one only great event of human existence was commemorated. The sight of the dead was at all times to me the source of an awe which amounted to physical pain, like a stone-cold hand laid on the heart; and in going down into the vault I had not been sorry to accept the occasion for overcoming such feelings. But even they were forgotten when actually there. There was no disgust—no terror—only the one clear idea brought out into the foreground of thought till it filled the whole horizon,—“DEATH!”

The man labored on while I stood pondering. Coffin after coffin he had looked over, examining the names upon the plates. They had all belonged to men of rank, usually such as held some temporary high office and had died in the city away from their ancestral mausoleums. One was surmounted by a ducal coronet, another by that of an earl. Then came mitres of bishops and archbishops. As the dust lay thick over all, the sacristan had recourse to the expedient of pouring a drop or two from his candle on each plate and rubbing it till the inscription became legible. Then, with doubtful voice, he spelled out, “The most noble the Marquis of —!” “His Grace the Lord Primate!” “The Right Honorable the Lord Chief Justice —!” and so on, and so on. On some of the plates were coats-of-arms well known to me; on others names which had been familiar from childhood, whose portraits had hung round the walls of my home. Those pompous titles, deciphered now with a farthing candle in their dim vaults—those dust-engrained armorial bearings—those miserable tarnished coronets and mitres—no language can tell how pitiful they seemed.

At length the sacristan paused. If the coffin we sought was anywhere, it was buried under a pile of others, which could not have been moved without dreadful disclosures. We had been nearly an hour in the vault, and I begged him to desist from further search and come away. Before doing so, however, he looked round for a few moments, and approached a coffin whose lid was broken off, and within which some poor remnants of mortality lay visible under the yellow winding-sheet and the dust accumulated over it. Out of this the man lifted carefully a singular object. It was a large heart of solid silver, and within it when shaken, might be heard a faint sound, proving, doubtless, that it enclosed another which once had beaten in a human breast.

“This was brought over from France,” said the sacristan, “long years ago, by a French nobleman. They say it was at the time of the French Revolution. He kept it with him till he died, and then he ordered it to be buried with him in his coffin. No one knows anything more of it, or remembers the name of the nobleman; but each sacristan receives it when he undertakes his office here, and transmits it safely to his successor. See! it is a beautiful mass of rough silver, not tarnished in the least!”

No; it was not tarnished! Those tinsel coronets and mitres and crests were all soiled and rusted; but the SILVER HEART, the fitting casket and type of human love, was unhurt by the mouldering decay of the sepulchre. I should vainly strive to describe the happy revulsion of feeling which the sight of that heart caused in me. I had been reading the lesson of the paltriness and misery of mortal pride and ambition in those pompous titles graven on the rotting coffin-lids in the vault, till it seemed as if the whole summary of our history was “Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!”

“A life of nothings—nothing worth,  
From that first nothing ere our birth,  
To that last nothing under earth.”

But here was a lesson of another kind,—LOVE. The love of which that heart was the memorial was not of the things which rust and perish in the grave. Honor and power all ended in the vault of death; their owners brought them just so far, and then left them on their coffin-lids. But love had not ended when the faithful friend who had cherished its memorial through exile and bereavement was laid low in that sepulchral chamber, with his long-hoarded treasure by his side. There was a Beyond for Love, though not for Pride. Life here below was not all transitory and vain, with hopes and passions ending in the disgrace and ruin of the grave—a chain of “yesterdays” —

“Which have but lighted kings  
The way to dusty death” —

There was somewhat therein which might survive and endure forever; somewhat beside the divine aspirations of religion; somewhat purely human and yet susceptible of immortality; somewhat which would not be laid by like the coronets and crests and mitres in the grave.

I took the silver heart reverently from the sacristan, and as I held it in my hands, I thought, “Perchance that love which once made the little handful of dust herein to kindle and throb is at this very hour a living love in heaven, filling with the joy of the immortals two glorified souls in the paradise of God.”

From The Spectator.

## THE NEW DRIFT OF ENGLISH OPINION.

It is impossible to exaggerate, it is difficult even to realize fully, the changes which this Danish war is producing in English ideas on foreign politics. Beside the revolution it is working in mere political sentiment, the doubt it creates as to the executive force of the strongest public opinion, the renewed belief in the superior efficacy of armaments over arguments, the lamentable inclination to support every expression of feeling by armed force, the unhealthy distrust of every species of influence not directly based on bayonets, the war is compelling the governing class to reconsider questions of positive policy. It is not only the general merit of a system of non-interference which is now under discussion, but the special merit of non-interference with the German desire for unity,—not only the abstract use of maintaining the balance of power, but the immediate use of restraining the territorial expansion of France. For the past fifty years two ideas have been rooted in the minds of the English governing class, so rooted that any assault on them would at any moment have produced an European war,—that the unity of Germany was, if feasible, a change in the interest of the whole world, and that any advance of France to the Rhine was to be resisted by force. At any moment during that long period a German effort for unity would have been welcomed in England with a pleasure little short of that with which we watched the policy of Cavour; at any moment a menace of France against the left bank of the Rhine would have been the signal for a summons to arms. Both points were considered by both the great parties, and by the middle as well as the aristocratic class, as beyond the reach of discussion, and they would have armed in defence of either as readily as ever they armed to protect the neutrality of Constantinople. The invasion of Denmark has on both points compelled them to reconsider their decision, and on both the new opinion is, though in different degrees, unfavorable to Germany.

The union of Germany under the Hohenzollerns would not, it is now sufficiently clear, be regarded with favor in Great Britain. Always viewed by a few with distrust, that unity was regarded by the many with long-ing favor as a visible security for peace. Peace, they said, is threatened mainly by the restlessness of France and the permanent ambition of Russia; let Germany be but united, and France must perforce be still, and Russia expand, if at all, on the Asiatic side. The great homogeneous well-armed empire will be too strong for France, and

must for her own interests restrain the ambition of Russia. France could not again conquer Europe with a greater and equally war-like nation lying between her and every country save Spain, and no power occupying Central Europe could tolerate Russian domination over the mouths of the Danube. To allow France to rule Italy would be to shut herself out from the southern seas; to allow Russia to hold the mouths of the Danube would be to place her own throat in the grasp of a mighty foe. The dream of the thinkers who devise the policy of the next generation was to make Germany one under the Hohenzollerns, and interpose the Hapsburgs as Emperors of the Danube between Russia and Western Asia. That was not the object of politicians, but it was becoming the ideal of politicians, and that ideal has been destroyed. The datum assumed throughout the speculation has been shown to be false. Germany, so far from an inert, or peaceful, or conservative, or even fair-dealing power, has proved herself as restless as France, as ambitious as Russia, dangerous, not only to the development, but to the existence of the smaller States around. United only for an instant, she has employed her momentary advantage to subjugate a neighboring nation, and Europe cannot contemplate without dismay the course which a united Germany, with a homogeneous population of forty millions, ruled by the house which is now treading down at once Denmark and internal liberty, might be tempted to commence,—the absorption of Denmark, Poland, and Hungary, the conquest of the Danubian provinces, the invasion of Italy, the fierce struggle with France for the repossession of Alsace. Germany united under a military organization and possessed of a fleet *might* be nearer universal dominion than France ever was,—for she is not oppressed by the distance of her foes,—*would* undoubtedly commence wars to which those of the Revolution were transitory and feeble. Napoleon had to act upon Europe from one of its farther extremities; a German Napoleon would have borders within five hundred miles of every capital in Europe except Rome. The aggression on Denmark has aroused politicians to the perception of facts always existing, but hitherto unnoticed, and the unity of Germany is fast becoming as unpleasant a prospect to Great Britain as it has long been to France.

The change is as great in the matter of the Rhine. Why, respectable Englishmen are beginning to ask, should we abstain from hearty alliance with France for fear lest Germany should lose the Rhine? That is the secret dread which has hitherto baffled all attempts at re-cementing the *entente cordiale*, and it is

passing away. Why should we, in fear lest one restless power should be aggrandized, suffer another equally restless and far more widely separated from ourselves in political objects to aggrandize herself at will? If Germany begins a career of conquest, Germany is not less dangerous than France,—her presence at Rotterdam would be as menacing as a French fleet at Antwerp. Let her defend the Rhine, if she can, without assistance from us. The probability is that she can; but if she cannot, what interest is it of ours? That Belgium should be neutral is indeed our interest, because with Napoleon at Antwerp we should have a great and possibly a hostile marine posted on two sides of us instead of one. The pistols would be presented at once at hip and heart. But the French possession of Sarrelouis, or of all trans-Rhenan Bavaria, or even of the Rhine from Sarrelouis up to Cologne, would not be in any direct sense a menace to Great Britain. France would possess more acres, but acres are not strength; and ten per cent. more people, but that is not more than the addition we acquire every twenty years by mere natural increment. There is no new maritime position acquired, no change in commerce, little serious addition to the strength France can even now put forth. That additional force, moreover, instead of being a deduction from an inert or peaceful power bound to ourselves by sympathy and tradition, is a deduction from a highly aggressive power capable of the most dangerous spasms of emotion, full of the bitterest enmity toward ourselves, pressing toward ends which we all of all parties hold in the utmost abhorrence. Why, for the sake of a change so small, throw away an alliance which may in the next surge of German opinion be absolutely necessary for the protection of Europe and freedom against a movement fatal to both? French conquest, bad as it may be, at least leaves civilization untouched; German conquest exposes the conquered to lives such as are now led by the people of Galicia and Venetia; to the possibility of statutes such as the one just passed in Mecklenburg enabling the seigneur to inflict on every man and woman on his estate twenty-five stripes at discretion. Let us accept the alliance of France without territorial stipulations, and remedy the immediate wrong before us without worrying as to the penalty to fall on a power which has proved itself as aggressive as ever France has been.

There may be some exaggeration in these

ideas, as in all ideas born of a reaction, and we rather think there is. We have to remember the gain which the Rhenish provinces may bring to France in the addition, not merely of broad acres and well-filled cities, but of a race whose action is sure to correct the greatest of French aberrations, to strengthen the weakest points in the French national character. We have to remember the stimulus which every fresh acquisition has always proved to France; the thirst for new conquests which every annexation has always seemed to inspire. With France on the Rhine, Belgium perhaps would be only as weak as before; but the French thirst for Belgium, for the completion of her natural frontier, would be indefinitely increased. But it is in this direction, toward this new reading of the "balance of power," that the current of ideas is drifting, and alike in its direction and in its force the tide is full of menace for Germany. The primary restraint upon France has for years been the conviction that if she sprang on the Rhine, England would attack her in flank, and that conviction is passing away. Germany has to defend herself without a fleet against a mighty maritime power, instead of being defended by a fleet greater than that of her foe. That single change will cost her more than all she can gain in Denmark, and unless we grievously misread the signs of the times, that change has already occurred. Let it but once become visible to Europe, and retribution for the great wrong Germany has resolved to commit will not long be delayed. Even if England, forgetful alike of her character and her traditions, her interest in protecting small powers and her greater interest in maintaining her promises, even though unwritten, should suffer Denmark to perish, still Napoleon rules for a German war sixty millions of subjects. It is not to enable a German fleet to ride supreme in the Baltic that Russia will attack France, and with Russia and England quiescent, Germany disunited, half-organized, and ruled by men with less than the average capacity of mankind, is threatened by the ablest ruler alive, who with a word can set in motion a million of men whom Germany has never defeated, and two fleets of which the smaller is greater than the one which one German power controls. Germany is great, but war à l'outrance with France and Italy, Sweden and Hungary, is an undertaking too great even for German strength.